WERNE'S READINGS AND RECITATIONS

NO. 52

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No. 52

Boy Impersonations

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STANLEY SCHELL

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WERNER'S READINGS AND RECITATIONS NO. 52

PART I.
PROSE IMPERSONATIONS: Monologues, Recitals.
PART II.
VERSE IMPERSONATIONS: Monologues, Recitals.
PART III.
ENTERTAINMENTS: Plays, Exercises, Drills, Dialogues.
PART IV
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Werner's Readings and Recitations

No. 52

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PART I.

BOY PROSE IMPERSONATIONS

BETTER DEAD THAN ALIVE.

[Boy, speaker present. WILL JONES, and later several other chums, supposed to be present.]

OH, I say, Will, you there! Hey, hey, Will, come here! What do I want? Oh, nothing, just to talk a while. When did you get back? Last week? Have you heard the news? Why, about me being dead. Do I look it? I thought you'd say that. Well, I want to tell you about it. Come over here and sit down, I'm just full of it.

You know how my pa has tried again and again to get notices in the papers about his business and about our social affairs, but the papers wouldn't print the stuff; and yet, do you know, they had a half column about me being dead last week!

What did they say? They said, "Died, June 18, in Hickory Township, of brain fever, James Willis, aged thirteen years." That's my name, all right, only, of course, I hadn't died. Everybody else thought it was I, too—I mean everybody in town that knew us, and my cousin Fred came right out to see us.

Oh, how sorry everybody was! How they pitied ma! How sorry they were for Bess and Bob for losing such a noble brother! And what a great man I had given promise of making, and how much good they had all calculated on my doing in the world!

Really, I couldn't help thinking it would have been a downright shame if it had been I, everybody was so sorry.

Do you know, it was publicly announced in the schools! Fred said all the teachers were so sorry, and the scholars just felt awful, especially the girl that had sat right in front of me, and the two girls back of me, all who had borrowed my knife and things most of the time.

I think it is wrong to say you like a fellow as much as they said they liked me, and never let me know it. I'd treated them lots better if they had only said so before.

And say, resolutions were drawn up, and the teachers all cried and said I'd been a good boy, and they'd always been so proud of me, and had so hoped I'd live to bless the world. It seemed as though I was the principal hope of the institution. If I had known they had had such hopes of me, I would never have whispered, or laughed, or traded in school.

There was a long piece in the papers the next day about the way people mourned my loss, and the resolutions were printed too. They made me feel very queer. Oh, yes, we found out. Somebody did die, but it was another boy by the same name. His folks moved in town lately and are renters.

Have they seen me yet? Yes, they have; and I got the surprise and the cold shoulder too. Glad? Yes, most everybody seemed to be glad, I guess. But it didn't seem a bit like I thought it would be. Yes, everybody had heard about it's being another boy, and some said they had suspected the truth—I wasn't the kind of boy to die young. And one boy even said, I hadn't brains enough to catch a fever in them. And some that had cried so and acted rather wild, looked sheepish; and, do you know, that ungrateful Ettie Taylor took it back, and said she never cried a bit. I won't ever have anything to do with her again, if I live to be a hundred years old.

The principal? He laughed and laughed and patted my shoulder and then laughed again, and said the President's chair wouldn't have to go empty, after all, and the teachers all grinned too. A good many of the boys said "Hello!" and didn't even shake hands. And, when I saw Jack Taylor, I thought, "now he's coming to tell me how much he always loved me," and I looked so pleasant

at him, all ready for his speech; but, do you know, he turned off another way, and looked as if he thought I was a bigger sneak than ever! I almost thought I didn't have any right anywhere.

I suppose my coming back confused people, as they had grown reconciled to my loss. I'm not sorry it all happened, but I can't help thinking if it had been Jack Taylor himself that had died, there would have been just as big a fuss made about it, and maybe Ettie would have cried too.

Here come the boys and I have promised to go fishing with them. Oh, yes, they mean all right, but they have a queer way of showing it. Let's go. It's a funny world, but I've got just as good a right here as anybody.

BOYS' RIGHTS.

PEOPLE seem to think that a boy is only to make himself useful. If a shower comes up while the family is at church, a boy can just run home through the pouring rain and bring half a dozen umbrellas back with him. "Rain," they say, "is good for boys—it makes them grow." But let that same boy suggest on Tuesday, if it happens to be a rainy day, that he would like to go fishing, and at once he hears from all sides, "Oh, no; you will catch your death-cold. Stay at home and work in the garden!" Now, what I want to know is: Why it isn't just as dangerous for a boy to get soaking wet working in the garden on a rainy day as to go fishing?

I think boys are entitled to their share of room in the world, but they don't get it. If a boy happens to get a good place where he can see the parade, some big man comes along and crowds him out of it. If he spends his last cent for a good whistle, and thinks he is going to have a fine time with it, he wakes up some morning and finds it missing, "because it makes so much noise no one could endure it." Now, I'd like to have a fiddle and a drum and an accordeon and a bagpipe, and invite the boys to come and have a grand concert once in a while, but I'd get sent out in the street quick if I should try it once.

But I shall be a man some day, and I'll make things right. Boys will have a good time then, I tell you. It seems as though I should never grow up—but I shall, and then I'm going to be the biggest kind of an advocate for boys' rights.

BECAUSE A KNIFE WAS MISSING.

COME over here, Jem, and I'll tell you all about it.

[*Goes to stage front, sits on end of couch nearest stage front, so audience can see his face.*]

Yes, Bill and I went down to the dock to fish. Of course, it was after school. I haven't tried to play hookey since I've gone to the new Sunday-school. Miss Wilson is the loveliest lady I know. After you hear her talk a while you somehow feel you can't ever do a mean or dishonest act. No, not one of the boys in the class has, either. She never preaches at a fellow. She lives what she says. Well, I showed Bill that knife just after we left the school gates, and he admired it and wanted one like it. No, he didn't seem envious. He seemed glad I had it. When we sat down on the end of the dock, I put my hand into my pocket to get my knife to cut bait, and my knife was gone!

Do? Why, I tapped Bill on the shoulder and told him to hand it over. He looked surprised and said he didn't have my knife.

I called him a thief, and told him that if I was only bigger than he I'd give him a licking. Bill? He told me he could easily rock me to sleep. That made me mad and I said he was a big rascal.

He just grinned—that's all. I got up, and, looking him all over, I told him to fork over my knife or I'd carve him into a good tombstone. Bill acted as mad as a hornet. He got up, stuffed his hands way down into his pockets, and with a grand air told me my grandmother was no gentleman.

I was hopping mad. I grabbed him around the belt with one hand and pummeled him with the other. Then Bill began to pound me, and as quick as a wink I twisted my legs around him and we fell flat on the dock, pounding each other to beat the band.

Bill gave me a left-hander in the eye and I gave him one under the belt. A crowd gathered, a policeman came up and shook us both and we both tried to explain about the missing knife. When the policeman found he couldn't understand, he took us to the sta tion-house, put us into a cell and sent for our mothers.

I was awfully sorry for mother. You see, she's a lady, and had never been in a police-station before and she felt so disgraced. I told her about the knife and how I had shown it to Bill and how we had walked all the way to the dock together and that when we got there the knife was gone. She looked us both over a moment and then looked at me. In tones I never heard her use before, she asked me into which pocket I had put the knife. I showed her the right pocket. She bid me shake the leg of my trousers. I did so, and the knife dropped out.

Ashamed? I guess I was. That knife had stuck into the hem of the leg. You see, there was a hole in the pocket. Mother knew it.

Bill? Oh, say, that fellow is a gentleman. He took my hand and shook it and said, "Fred, let's forget about the knife. I might have believed the same thing if my knife had disappeared in the same way, but it shows how careful one should be about accusing another." I think Miss Wilson is right. You know she said last Sunday that we should be careful of our thoughts. We'll have to watch them carefully hereafter. I mean to for one. Mother shook him by the hand and said she hoped I too would profit by the suggestion and I mean to.

Yes, indeed, Bill and I are greater friends than ever.

Result of the fight? Well, I had an ugly looking black eye and Bill came off without a mark. He said his side hurt him for several days, but you see that didn't show. My black eye taught me a lesson.

THE LION DISAPPEARS.

Boy [*running in scared*]. Oh, mother, there was a great big, big lion in our garden. No? Well, then a great big dog! No? You saw it? Just a mouse? [*Hides face and slowly exits.*]

CHRISTMAS VERSUS FOURTH OF JULY.

[Boy expresses his views to friend (supposed to be present). They are near stage center examining things on table.]

CHRISTMAS? Say, pa says this Christmas business is all stuff. Stuff? Why, nonsense, of course. It suits me all right as long as there's plenty of stuff. Lot of work? Yes, I suppose so, and that is what pa means when he says he doesn't believe in everybody straining themselves to give others presents. I think pa is right, after all. I think everybody ought to give presents and plenty of them, and good ones too, but I don't believe they should strain themselves, and what's more I don't believe they do, either, as I never heard anyone complaining that way when Christmas was over. The only one who seems to strain himself is Santa Claus, I guess. He always seems to have the biggest load, and has the most ups and downs.

Do you like Christmas best? I thought so. Well, I like Christmas, and wish it could come oftener; but, after all, it can't hold a candle to Fourth of July. The fun, of course. Christmas was invented by the Pilgrims, I guess, but it's lucky for us they never got a patent on it. It's free to everybody now-a-days, though my Uncle Bill says it costs a good round sum to get past it.

Lots of good things do come with Christmas, that's true; for there's Santa Claus, skating, and Christmas-trees, and new books, and pumpkin-pies, and turkey, and plum-pudding, and wishbones, and no school, and—enough? I guess so, too. That is a pretty good list. Say, I hope the teacher won't get so many presents as last year. She has been a regular crank this year and the boys that give her presents won't be honest. I'm not going to give her any. You won't, either? Serves her right.

Always feel sorry for city children? Because they have no chimneys for Santa to go down. There he has to go through the door, while here we have such nice wide chimneys. We have a big fireplace in our house. No, we never use ours because pa says it's easier for ma to put on coal than it is for him to chop wood. I call that a poor excuse for pa, because ma cuts all the

kindlings when I'm not home. Pa makes some very funny excuses when he doesn't feel like doing anything.

I don't believe in giving presents to girls. No, I don't care what you say, I don't. Why? Because last Christmas Uncle Bill sent the teacher a present, and the next night she went out for a sleigh ride with Bennie Mason's big brother. The next day I heard Uncle Bill tell pa that one never could count much on women, whatever that means. Why, our teacher can count one hundred and fifty pounds easy.

A Christmas-tree up at the town hall? They always do. I told ma she must try the Mason trick this year, and she's going to do it. What is the trick? Don't you know? Can't you guess? Why, the Mason children get a lot of presents in their stockings, then their mother takes the same presents and has them hung on the Christmas-tree in the town hall, then they have them hung again on another tree at home. And folks think how many gifts the Mason's receive at Christmas. No wonder some folks can have a lot of Christmas presents when they get them three times over!

I believe in a square deal. Folks of that sort don't count for so much after all,—they always get found out. And that's the reason I like Fourth of July best—because everybody's square then and there's lots of fun.

JOSIAH'S COMPOSITION ON COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS was a man who could make an egg stand on end without breaking it. The king of Spain said to Columbus: "Can you discover America?" And Columbus said he could if he only had a ship. So the king gave him a ship and he sailed over the sea and looked for America. His sailors had a fight with him because they thought he was fooling them, but Columbus said, "Wait a few days, and I will show you the place." They sailed and sailed, and sure enough the pilot showed them the land they were looking for. Then Columbus said, "That is America." And when they went on shore a whole lot of black men came and bowed to Columbus, and he took some of them on the ship and took

them back to Spain. And the funny thing was that when Columbus landed in America the black people called him by his name and said, "We are discovered at last." Columbus told this to the king of Spain, and the king said he had sent the blacks a wireless message that Columbus was coming. That was the reason the blacks expected him. Anyway, Columbus was a great man from that time on.

ARITHMETIC AND PEACHES.

[Boy, with habit of asking many questions before he can form conclusions, goes to teacher's desk with book and points out question.]

THAT'S easy? Why, I have been working at that example half an hour. Read the question? [*Looks at book and reads*:] "If there are three peaches on the table and your sister eats one of them, how many would be left?" Why, I can't do it, even if you do say it is easy. We haven't had a peach in our house this year, let alone three.

You say to just suppose? If I did, there wouldn't be any real peaches then. No? Would they be preserved peaches? No? Would they be pickled peaches, then? None at all? We are only just to make believe there are three peaches on the table? All right, we'll suppose, then.

Sister eats one of them and then goes away? But you don't know my sister, I guess. She wouldn't leave that table until every one of those peaches was gone.

Suppose mother was there, she wouldn't let her eat more than one? Mother couldn't be there, she's out of town and doesn't expect to be back for a week.

You'll give me one more chance? Read the question? [*Reads question*:] "If there are three peaches on the table and your sister eats one of them, how many would be left?" [*Straightening up.*] There wouldn't be any left, I'd grab the other two.

Stay in after school? Why, I haven't done anything. Too stupid to waste time on? Well, I guess you'd grab the other two if you had the same kind of a sister I had. [*Goes to seat and sits pouting. Curtain.*]

YOUTHFUL MATCHMAKER.

[Boy, speaker present. Young lady, old lady, uncle, train candy-boy, supposed to be present. Railway train. Boy, seated in front seat facing rest of car, looks out of window, glances down aisle to see if someone is coming; suddenly climbs on knees, waves hand and smiles eagerly.]

HERE, here! I'll have some candy! Ten cents' worth. Yes, I have, too, and more beside. I'll show you, you old scared cat! Do you think I'd cheat you? Small boys don't generally have money? Well, I do; I have a weekly allowance. My uncle says small boys need an allowance so as to know how to take care of money. I don't know how to take care of it, but I do know how to spend it. See! [*Shows two quarters.*] Yes, siree, I have two quarters every week. No, I won't buy any more now, because I may see something else where I am going and may want to buy it.

[*Pays for candy, puts change into pocket, slides back to window munching candy, looks out again; waves hand.*]

Dear, oh, dear, there goes Mat Taylor. I wish he had seen me. He would have taken care of my rabbits while I am away. Ma is so busy she may forget. [*Eats more candy. Stops with mouth partly open to speak to old lady.*] Yes, ma'am, the seat is taken. My uncle needs it when he comes back from the smoking-car. Need the seat? I'm sorry, but you'll speak to the conductor? Man can't have two seats in the cars? Uncle hasn't, for he's only going to stay away long enough to smoke out one pipe. Must give up the seat for a little while? All right, lady, you may sit here, and if my uncle howls at you—don't want the seat? I knew you wouldn't, when there is a good seat over by the window on that side.

[*Gets on knees, looks out of window, turns around and smiles at pretty girl looking for seat.*]

Yes, this seat is taken; but you may sit on it until uncle comes. He's in the smoking-car, and won't be back for a long time. Please

sit here. I'd rather have you than that old lady with the parrot. Do you like parrots? No? I'm so glad, because I don't like them either.

Won't you have a piece of my candy? Yes, it is good and it didn't cost much either. Yes, my uncle gives me fifty cents a week and I buy what I like. He is good. Love him? You bet I do; and say, do you love anybody, because if you don't I'd like to have you love my uncle—what's that? Don't know him? Say, that's easy; I'll introduce you when he comes back.

[*Looks into her face, pats her hand, smiling lovingly.*]

Do I like rabbits? There isn't a fellow in our town that has as many as I have. I started with two last year and this year I seem to have most a hundred.

Did I ever see a guinea-pig? In the park I did, and some hares too. Oh, look at that baldheaded man! You could see your face in that head. My uncle has a teeny, weeny bald spot right on the top of his head, but he hides it with his hair. How does he do that? Oh, say, that's easy enough; you just have to let the hair on one side grow a little longer and then brush it right over the bald spot.

No, the bald spot doesn't hurt him. He's the most loving uncle I have, and sometimes he holds me tight and kisses me, and says he wishes he knew a girl just like me.

What does he mean? Why, he means I love him so much and tell him so that he wishes he knew some girl just like me. No, I don't because if he did he might forget to love me.

How pretty your hair is. It looks just like gold in the sun. Uncle told me once about a girl he knew who had gone away—way over to Europe with her mother, who had hair like that. I guess he loved her, because after she was gone he used to sigh and sigh, and father says when a man sighs so much he is in love.

Why did the girl go away? Uncle thinks because he didn't have enough money, and her people thought he was too old for her.

Did he ever tell the girl? No, they didn't give him any chance. Her mother was always around when he called. Love her? I

know he did, and after that he took to loving me and sometimes he would hold me so as to look into my eyes and then he'd say, "Such glorious violet eyes," and then he would suddenly kiss me and put me down and go away wiping his eyes.

Could you love my uncle so he would forget the other girl? You don't know? Oh, please try. I'm sure he'd give you a very happy time, if you did.

[*Jumps up suddenly and looks toward back of car.*]

Oh, there he is. Isn't he a dear? Why, your face is very red! You look very queer. Do you know my uncle? Do you—uncle, I fell in love with this lady and I want you to love her too. She'd make a good auntie for me. Say, lady, do turn around and let uncle speak to you. She's bashful, I guess, uncle, but she's awful sweet—like the girl you told me about who went away to Europe. Gladys? Why, uncle, you know her! She's the girl you spoke about who went to Europe, isn't she, uncle? I'll go sit in the seat behind and you may sit here.

[*Boy's face glows with joy; he climbs on seat behind and leans forward as if to watch uncle and girl.*]

I wish he'd kiss her. I longed to, but was afraid. He's patting her hand. My, but he does look happy! See them look at each other! Hurrah, she's to be my new aunt, all right. My, but I'm happy. I'm glad uncle took me on this train. If he hadn't, he might not have met her—Gladys—what a sweet name and she will be my auntie.

[*Leans way over seat.*]

Won't you kiss me, Gladys—Auntie Gladys? You can't kiss uncle, but you can me, and I'll pass it to uncle.

[*Pantomimes being kissed by one and then by the other.*]

Uncle, this is our station; we have to get off now. Is Auntie Gladys coming, too? She is! Isn't that jolly. She's going to live next door to us? But I thought she was going to live with us? You are some day soon. What a lovely day this has been—a lovely, lovely day. [*Exits.*]

MARY AND HER LITTLE LAMB.

[Fat and good-natured looking boy, but with excited and tremulous expression, seated near entrance of stage (set as classroom), suddenly jumps as if shot from gun; steps to stage center and bows in stiff and awkward fashion; looks at audience and acts scared; puts finger into mouth, drops hand at side; starts to speak; stops, then blurts out:]

"Mary had—had—had—one—little lamb."

[*Stops short, wiggles, twitches at sides of trousers, shifts from one foot to the other, then blurts out again*:]

"Mary had one little lamb."

[*Stops and twists on one leg, moves lips rapidly without making a sound; looks desperate as he glances about.*]

DON'T you giggle at me. Don't you laugh, I tell you it was so. Mary did have one little lamb. Stop giggling. It isn't fair. The book says she did have one little lamb. Laugh away, but I'll tell it to you if you scream with laughter. Father says it takes a brave man to face another in battle, and I know it takes a braver one to face all you making fun of me.

[*Starts talking with high, shrill voice and goes to end.*]

I cannot think how it goes in verse, for the lines seem all mixed in my head, but the story is like this: Mary had a little lamb. It went to school with her, which the teacher did not like. And the children all did scream and yell. Of course, that made the teacher very mad and she ran after that lamb. It must have been fun to see that teacher run. I wish I had been there to see that fun. But the teacher made that lamb get out. How I would have laughed to have seen that, for you all know how a lamb bobs about and tries to buck. But even though the teacher did put that lamb out, it would not run away. It stayed around and cried, "Ba-a-aah!" all through the day till Mary went out. I guess the teacher must have sent her home early that day. Anyway, when Mary went out that lamb ran up to her and cried out, "Ba-a-a-ah!" and so Mary knew the lamb was glad to see her. The lamb loved Mary because she was gentle with it. I like that lamb story. That is all. I know it would have sounded better in verse, but I wouldn't let giggling boys make me afraid. Good-bye.

[*Bows low, but stiffly, and walks to seat with uplifted head.*]

MY DREAM.

[Boy tells his dream. His father supposed to be seated near.]

POP, I had a dream last night. Yes, I do mean it! I dreamed I was going along the street, and I got very thirsty, and I went into a drug-store to get soda-water. The soda-fountain was the biggest one I ever saw, and the man tending it was a giant. He looked down on me and asked me what I'd have. I said I'd like strawberry with ice-cream in it.

Wonderful dream? But that wasn't all. That giant set on the counter a glass about two feet high, and put in it a lot of strawberry syrup, and then he took the cover off the ice-cream freezer that was pretty near as big as a barrel and scooped out about three plates full of ice-cream and put that into the glass. Then he put the glass under the soda-water spout and whirled the wheel around and the soda went "sz-z-z-zt! sz! zt!" Then the giant pushed that big glass of soda over in front of me, full, and with thick creamy foam running over the top, and I didn't touch it.

What? No, I didn't touch it! Why? Because when I felt in my pocket, I found I hadn't a cent.

Poorly off? Well, I should guess. I never felt so cheap before. You were so busy this week that you forgot to give me my money. Thank you, pop, I'm glad I had that dream, because now I have my money and can go after just such a glass of soda now. I know I need it, because to-day is Friday and I haven't had a drink this week and my thirst reaches just about two feet deep.

[*Jumps from chair and exits in a hurry.*]

PROLOGUE FOR SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.

[Spoken by a stout rosy-cheeked boy.]

GOOD evening, Mr. Chairman, and Ladies, and Gentlemen. I hope you are all very well this evening. You don't need to inquire after *my* health, thank you. You can see *I'm* all right. I haven't ailed anything since the measles, except a touch of chicken-pox, and a big lump on the back of my head when I

tumbled off the wash-house. My mother says she thinks I've got consumption, because I eat so much, and I have growing pains in my legs awful sometimes. But a fellow can stand that [*pompously*]. Talking of measles, did you ever hear why our first mother, Eve, didn't catch them? Will you give it up? Why, because she'd Adam; see? But I'm getting off the point, as the schoolmaster said when he sat on a crooked pin, so I'll begin again, if you please. Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: excuse me starting at the beginning in the middle; but I've been riding on the merry-go-round so often lately that I can't help coming back to the same place. Mr. Ladies, Chairmen, and Gentlemen: we are very glad to see you all this evening, especially the ladies. I was always fond of ladies, and I must say they're very fond of me. I'm not *very* fond of being kissed. They kiss me too hard. My Aunt Amelia last week nearly squeezed all the wind out of me, because I said I loved Mr. Sweetman. He always brings me loads of lollipops when he comes to see Aunt Amelia—and he comes *hundreds* of times! Oh, but my mother is the very loveliest, sweetest, beautifulest lady in the world. She's a regular brick! especially when a fellow tumbles downstairs and bursts his nose. She's a real comfort. Please, Mr. Chairman, I think I'm off the point again, so I think I'll stay off. You're going to have such a jolly time this evening. You *will* laugh. Tommy Tinkleton says he's sure to break down in his recitation, and he told me to tell you to keep on clapping till he remembered the next line. He needs a little encouragement. He's been six months learning his recitation, but he always breaks down at the same place. Miss Milkandhoney told him to look at her when he forgot, and she would make a face that would remind him. So please look out for Tommy. I haven't broken down, have I? But you can clap all the same.

THE TWINS.

Mh! this jam is good! [*Puts hand into jar and licks hand.*] Mh! Quick, run! Here comes ma! She cannot hurt us and the jam is all eaten up anyway.

TOY SOLDIERS.

[Boy looks at pictures in book, then turns to father, supposed to be present.]

PA, I want toy soldiers. Now, this minute? No, but soon. Just like these I want, see? I want them to move about on the board. Say, pa, will you get me a set? I'm not teasing, and I know it's not Christmas, but I do want a set. Yes, then I'll stay in the house more, and I'll promise to be good for a week after I get the toy soldiers. Why do I want such silly things, a gun would be much better? Yes, I know, but Abraham Lincoln's son wanted toy soldiers, and his pa didn't ask him so many questions but went right out and got them. President Lincoln played with the toy soldiers too; he didn't think he was too big or too old. He thought they were real soldiers and made them fight one another just like in real war. Where did I learn such nonsense? It isn't nonsense, pa; it is in the book of stories about Lincoln, and is said to be true. Please, pa, I want the moving toy soldiers so much. I'll promise a good many things. I'll chop kindlings for ma, churn, bring in water, mind the baby, go to bed when ma tells me, and not to fight with boys except we fight sham battles. If I promised I'd be good all the time, I might get sick and die. Good people never live long, people say. You know what Deacon Brown says to you when you and he stand on the corner talking, after being out together somewhere to the lodge, or to sit up with some sick member,—

> "Only the good die young;
> While those, whose hearts
> Are like the summer's dust,
> Burn to the socket,"

and then he punches you in the ribs and winks. I don't know why he does that, because you are good and you are young and Deacon Brown is old. If his verse is right, he shouldn't be living, should he, pa? That's the deacon's nonsense? Oh! Go to bed without your promise that I shall have the toy soldiers, and don't talk so much? I won't any more, if you promise to get the toys. Stop? You dropped something, pa. [*Stoops and picks up letter,*

puts it to nose.] Im-ihm, doesn't that smell nice, and it's written to you. Isn't it written nice, just like a lady's handwriting. Give it to you at once or you'll—? No, you won't thrash me [*starts for door*]; you won't get me the toy soldiers, and so I'll take this to ma. It must be for her, but they forgot to put on "Mrs." [*Comes back as if pulled back.*] Give you the letter at once? Let go and I will. [*Acts as though he was free, straightens out coat, smooths hair and gazes with twinkling eyes at father.*] Say, pa, that writing looks like Cousin Sue's, and it may be a surprise to ma. You said you had one up your sleeve. Is that it, pa? If ma learns one word about her coming, I'll not get the toy soldiers? Promise? You just guess I'll promise and right away too. Yes, I'll go to bed at once. Good night, pa. You couldn't get those toy soldiers for me to-morrow, could you? Go to bed? You needn't yell at me. [*Goes out with rush.*]

REAL BOY.

[Father is trying to take a nap on couch. Boy goes to couch.]

PAPA! Papa! [*Shakes father's arm slightly.*] You awake, papa? So am I. Oh, nothing. Lie down by you? I am not sleepy, papa. Are you, papa? I'm not—not even a little bit. Say, papa, papa! If you were rich, what would you buy me? Wouldn't you buy me anything? A steam engine! Oh! With a bell that could ring, papa? And would the wheels go round, papa? And would it go "choo, choo, choo," papa?

Say, papa, papa! Are you afraid in the dark? No? I'm not either, papa! If I were rich I'd buy you something. What? Why, I'd buy you ice-cream and chocolates and a tooth-brush and panties with gold braid on them and a candy rooster, and—and—be still? That's all you say, "Be still!" Papa, papa! I want—I want a drink. Yes, I do, papa.

[*Acts as though drinking; puts glass down and watches father lie down on couch again.*]

Papa, I can spell "dog,"—d-o-g—dog. Is that right? No? I know it's "d-o-g." If I lie beside you, I'll be a good boy, won't I,

papa? The best boy on earth? Am I your own little boy? Where did you get me? Some men don't have any little boys; but you have me, haven't you, papa?

Don't you wish you had two, three, nine, eleven, twenty-six, ninety-seven, three hundred little boys like me, papa? No? What a funny man. I guess I don't want to be your little boy any more then, because I'm too lonely being just one boy with one papa who wants to sleep all the time. I guess I'll run out and play with my bunnies. [*Runs out.*]

BOBBY'S ESSAY ON SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WHEN I got home from school one night about two weeks ago I told pa and ma that teacher said the boys must write an essay about Sir Walter Scott, who was a great writer. The boy who wrote the best essay would be given a chance to read it on Friday afternoon when we had exercises.

Pa said he would help me. So I sat down and he told me what to write. Every little while ma would stop him and tell him that all he said was nonsense. But pa insisted that it would be all right, and to go ahead. I did, and on Wednesday the boys in the class were given a chance to read their essays. I felt proud of mine, and after I heard all the stuff the other boys read, I felt sure mine would win the prize. At first I felt a bit scared because ma begged pa not to let me take such an essay, but he declared he knew that the essay would win.

I was next to the last to be called on, but teacher finally decided to let me be last as the other boy had to go home early to go out with his ma. When I stood up I felt very proud, but before I finished I felt very queer. Listen to the stuff father made me write about Sir Walter Scott.

[*Pulls paper out of pocket and reads:*]

"What a wonderful genius was Sir Walter Scott. He is dead and gone now, but posterity will ever revere him, if for nothing else than these lines, these wondrous lines:

"'There was a man in our town, and he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a bramble-bush and scratched out both his eyes.'

"And how matchless was his intellect to write lines like these:

"'What darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
MacDougal in his hall?
And if you say I am not peer,
Come into the garden, Maude,
And strike for your altars and your fires.'

"And so through the ages the mighty Scott has kept the public spellbound by his matchless oratory, both in poetry and in prose.

"His 'Hiawatha' alone would entitle him to deathless fame. For instance, these lines:

"'To "be, or not to be," said Hiawatha,
"Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of Minnehaha
Or to take arms against a sea of trouble
And kill a red deer," Hiawatha said.'

"And his story about 'Jack and the Beanstalk' has sent his name down through the ages with a bound. No man has ever surpassed Scott in anything, and may none ever do so!"

Fine? That's all rot! Not a word of it is true, and pa knew it; he wrote it because he wanted me to lose, because I told ma I had seen him down at the ball-game when he had told her he had been worked to death at the office.

Teacher? She told me to stay after school, and the boys did nothing but shout and laugh until teacher made them stop. She laughed too and then dismissed the class. What did she do? Say, she's a nice teacher. She never scolded, but said with a peculiar expression in her eyes: "Your father wrote that essay?" I told her "yes," when I saw she knew, and then I asked her why she knew. She said she knew father when he was a boy and that was the kind of essay he always wrote when he had a grudge against the teacher. She didn't see how he had a grudge against her except that once she called him "red-head." I told her the grudge was against me, because I had told ma about the ball-game.

Teacher sat still for a moment and then said, "Bobby, if you'll promise not to tell, we'll even things up a bit with your father." Promise? You better believe I did, and quick enough too. It's worth a good deal to even up so mean a trick.

Teacher said she was going to declare before the class that mine was the best essay because of its humorous style; and the next day she did, and said she had decided to have an entertainment on Friday night, a week later, and the essay would then be read before a most intelligent audience.

What was the entertainment? She taught several boys a play

called "Caught in the Act," and some other boys the play, "His Reward." When Friday night came, the school-room was filled. Pa and ma were both there, and pa kept up a constant grin. He expected a lot of pleasure and he got it.

Teacher announced the play "Caught in the Act," and the boys began it. I watched the play first, but, when I heard pa make a funny sound, I watched him, and I saw that the play pictured off something pa must have had a hand in. He turned after a while and gazed at the teacher; but she never cracked a smile; she just looked stiff and cold.

Next, teacher called on me to read an "Essay on Sir Walter Scott," and added: "This essay is to win the prize for its uniqueness, not for its truth." Say, when I read that essay, the audience began to laugh; the men shouted and clapped, and some of the women laughed until the tears came.

Pa? He sat and grinned and watched the people. When I sat down the people clapped and clapped.

Suddenly teacher rose and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen: a few days ago I offered a prize to the boy that wrote the best essay. I know you will agree with me that this essay should win a prize, and so I have the very great pleasure of awarding it to my biggest new scholar, James Bennett." When pa heard his name, he looked startled and tried to hide, but the people all shouted, "James, James, James Bennett, you'd better come forward! You're caught in the act, all right!" Pa went forward sheepishly and received the prize.

Teacher then called for the next play, "His Reward," and that hit pa hard about the baseball game, and the time he stayed late at the golf-club, and the time he went to the skating-rink about which ma knew nothing. Pa sneaked.

Ma? She didn't guess anything, but as I was going out teacher said, "Bobby, do you think things are even now?" I said, "yes," for I never saw pa so cut up before. Pa promised me a dollar and a new sleigh, if I wouldn't tell ma.

The next time he tries to write an essay for me he'd better find out who the teacher is first.

HIS FAMILY.

MA is my mother. I am her son. Ma's name is Mrs. Shrimp; she is the wife of Mr. Shrimp, and Mr. Shrimp is her husband. Pa is my father. My name is John George Washington Shrimp. Pa's name is Shrimp too; and so is ma's.

My ma has a ma. She is my grandma. She is mother-in-law to pa. My pa says mothers-in-law ought to be vetoed. I like my grandma better than pa does. She brings me ten-cent stamps and bolivars. She doesn't bring any to pa. Maybe that's why he doesn't like her.

Aunt Jerusha is my aunt. When pa was a little boy she was his sister. I like little sisters. Dickey Mopps has a little sister. Her name is Rose. I take her out riding on my sled. Aunt Jerusha doesn't like her. She calls her "that Mopps girl." I think Aunt Jerusha ought to be ashamed of herself.

Aunt Jerusha lives with us. Sometimes I think ma had rather have her live with somebody else. I asked Aunt Jerusha once why she didn't marry somebody and set up for herself. She said that many and many a man had wanted to marry her, but while her poor Susan Jane was in such a state of health she couldn't think of leaving! "Besides," she said, "what would become of your poor pa?"

Aunt Jerusha sometimes has a state of health too. On washing-days she has the headache, and does her head up in brown paper and vinegar, and I have to make toast for her, at the kitchen fire; I make some for myself, too.

Aunt Jerusha says that nobody knows what she has done for that boy. She means me. I told pa what she said. He said it was just so; nobody did know.

Ma says that Aunt Jerusha means well, and that she's pa's dear sister. I don't see why that's any reason she should always scold me when I eat cabbage with a knife.

HOLIDAYS A BOY PREFERS.

I WISH I had the fixing of Sundays and holidays. Sunday wouldn't come so often, and we'd have a few more holidays in between. What's the use of so many Sundays, anyway? We can't play, and what good is a day when a boy can't have fun? Fun to go to church? Perhaps it is fun to hear Deacon Jones snore, and see Mrs. Spence nod, and watch Miser Thompson hunting for a penny when the plate comes round, and see the women stretch their heads at Easter to look at the new bonnets. I'd have fun if I could only shout out "rubber." But the long sermons we have to listen to! If they would only tell us stories sometimes. When the mouse came? Oh, yes, I remember that mouse, and how we laughed so hard that the preacher thought we brought it there, and spoke about the wickedness of some children, especially boys. One boy laughed and laughed so that his father took him out by the back of the neck. I never heard how he got dressed that time. Yes, Sunday isn't so bad. Still, I could get along with fewer.

What holidays do I like? That's easy. New Year's I like, because of the good things you get, and because people dress in funny costumes and parade. I like Lincoln's Birthday, not so much to speak pieces and sing, but to play I am Lincoln and make all the boys toe the mark. We can have armies and fight battles. Then there's St. Valentine's Day. It's lots of fun sending valentines, but we shouldn't have to go to school that day. We should have that day to dance and be gay and play games just as they did long, long ago. They had fine fun in those early days, my grandfather says.

Then comes Washington's Birthday. Sometimes I wish George had never cut down that cherry-tree. The advice that father and teacher give about "never tell a lie" makes me wish George had been caught in one, so people wouldn't be praising him so much. Yet I like Washington's Birthday, because we play Continental soldiers and have lots of fun.

I like St. Patrick's Day, but we have to go to school and speak pieces and pretend to be interested in a man that died long ago and drove snakes out of Ireland and made people go to church. You think that was wonderful? The snakes never came back? We have plenty of snakes in this country, and on St. Patrick's Day many a man sees snakes. Mother praises St. Patrick and says he was made a saint because of the wonderful work he did. If we had St. Patrick's Day for a holiday, we could dress in Irish costume and join in the parade and that would be fun.

Good Friday ought to be a holiday. Everybody wants to celebrate that day. The hot cross-buns are tempting. On Easter the girls look nice marching into church carrying lilies and singing "He is risen. He is risen." Girls are better than boys every time.

We have only half of Arbor Day. The rest of the day is taken up in planting trees and speaking pieces and singing, and so on. Oh, it's good enough, and I like to listen; but how much more fun would I have if I could plant my own garden and just do as I please for that whole day!

Some places have May Day for a holiday. It's fun to be May King. I was May King twice, but I hate to have girls kiss me and say they bow in homage to me and all that rot, and then afterwards never even speak to me because I am such a hateful boy. But it's fine to head the procession with the prettiest girl in the place and see all the boys looking envious. You ought to see me strut then.

Decoration Day is nice, because teacher lets me ride in the wagon that takes the flowers to the cemetery. I can see all the parade and see the doings of the soldiers at the cemetery when they place the flowers on the graves.

We never get Patriot's Day as a holiday. How can one be a patriot if he doesn't have that day to celebrate? Fourth of July is the day we do celebrate and we make up in noise for all the rest. We have only one other chance like it and that is on election night in November. We have fine holidays in vacation time, and when we go back to school we are glad for a few days, but soon we wish we had another holiday.

Yes, we have Labor Day, but father says that it is the busiest day of the year for him, because he has to march in the parade and attend the society affair.

Hallowe'en's the time we play ghost and duck for apples and dimes. That's the sport, and the girls act so silly that night, carrying water in the mouth and salt in the hand and running around the block, and afterward going downstairs backward into the cellar with a lighted candle and a mirror in their hands. Why shouldn't we boys scare them if we can?

Thanksgiving and Christmas are the days I love best, because we have fine dinners and go visiting at grandpa's and on Christmas get such fine presents. I wish these two days would come oftener. Seems as though everybody wishes you to have a good time on these days and you can stuff yourself without anyone saying, "Boys shouldn't eat too much, it will stop them growing; or too much candy is bad for the teeth." Yes, after all, these are the holidays I prefer; and, if I had the chance to do it, I'd have Thanksgiving and Christmas every other Sunday in the year.

BOY'S IDEA OF COWS.

COWS are good animals. They have two horns and two eyes, and give milk, which is good to drink. Cows have four legs, and eat grass and hay. Some cows are red, and have tails with which they switch off flies. Once I tried to milk a cow, but she kicked me and the pail over. My uncle said it was because I milked her on the wrong side. I asked him which was the right side to milk her on and he said the right side. He laughed, so I thought he was teasing me, but I soon found that the right-hand side was the side on which to milk a cow. Cows sometimes have baby cows, and when they do they call them calves. Calves don't give milk, but they drink the cows' milk until they are big.

RED LION.

No, you can't play Red Lion with us. You always want to be Red Lion. You're not the only fellow that wants to get in a roar once in a while. It's my turn now. [*Roars like a lion.*]

"TO MARK MOTHER'S GRAVE."

[Boy, with pinched and worried face and worn clothing, walks slowly in and looks around.]

WANT? I want to get a graveboard. Mother died last winter, and the graves are so thick that we can hardly find hers any more. We went last Sunday, and came very near not finding it. We thought we'd get a graveboard, if it didn't cost too much, so we wouldn't lose her grave again. Jack and Bud cried so hard at first and I trembled until I found that grave.

Father? Oh, he's home. He never goes there, and we shan't tell him. I guess he hated ma, for he wasn't home when she died, and he wouldn't buy any coffin for her. Sometimes we sit on the doorsteps and talk about her, Bud and Jack and I, and then we cry so hard, for we miss her so. If father comes along at such a time, he tells us to quit that sort of thing or we'll get something that will make us cry harder. Then we slip upstairs, and cry in the dark where he can't see us.

That looks good, sir. How much will it cost? One dollar? How much with a coat of white paint? Twenty-five cents more? That's $1.25, and then we want something about ma painted on it. The whole will cost us $1.25? Oh, that will be all right. You must have guessed how much we had. No?

We'll carry it to the grave if you'll just fix it up.

Please say she was our ma, and was forty-one years old and died on the 5th of November, and has gone to heaven, and was one of the best of mothers, and we are going to be good so we can go to her soon.

All that money? Do you think it a lot, sir? When Bud and Jack and I decided to have a board we knew we had to earn money and so Bud took care of a baby for three weeks and earned sixty cents. Jack weeded a garden and earned forty cents more, and I earned sixty-five cents. Part of the money we had to use to buy Bud a hood, but the rest we saved for the board. I'm so glad we have enough. A man told me we would have to pay at least five dollars, but I thought I'd find out first, and if it did I

would pay part and then we would try hard to earn more. In about a year we might have earned enough. We'll call for it next week. We'll be so happy when it is placed in the graveyard because then we can never lose the way to mother again. Good-day, sir.

SIX TIMES AN ORPHAN.

[Boy sits crying bitterly. Someone seems to come along and speak to him. Boy looks up and speaks.]

I'M crying because dad is dead [*sobs again*]. No, not so very fond of him; but, you see, he was the only dad I ever had. Mother? No, they are dead too. *They?* Yes, you see [*sobs*], we were Mormons living in Utah; my dad was a bishop, and had five wives. Well, each one of them had a boy baby about the same age, and they were all named Brigham—no, not so very strange. They always name the first one Brigham, if it is a boy; and, when we were about four years old, dad used to take us little Brighams down to the farm and make us weed carrots. The farm was two miles from town; and one day, when we were alone, the Indians kidnapped us and took us to Arizona. The other Brighams got sick and died, but they kept me with them five years before I escaped. Well, when I got back home I didn't know my mother or even her number, and she didn't know me, and they all claimed me as their little lost Brigham. So they had to draw lots to see which one would have me; and I was hers till she died—then the next, and so on. My first mother died a year after I got home! then I became the son of mother number two. She apostatized, ran away, and married a Gentile, and got killed in a railroad collision. I lived with this mother a year and a half. The third mother got hooked by a cow six months after she had me. The fourth one died after I was thirteen, and my last mother died six months ago. [*Sobs hard.*] And now dad's dead. I tell you what it is, mister, no one knows what real sorrow is till they've been an orphan like me six times.

MEETING OF THE FLOWER CLUB.

[Boy, dressed as Jack-in-the-Pulpit, is seated stage L., surrounded by flowers named below. These flowers may be girls in flower costumes or they may be artificial flowers in pots. JACK conducts the meeting. He pounds gavel as if to stop noise, then speaks.]

LADIES, ladies, please come to order! There is important business before the Flower Club, and you must give it your undivided attention. First, I will call the roll to see if there is a quorum present: Daisy, Pansy, Buttercup—please speak a little louder. Your voices are so weak. Say "present" in loud, clear tones. Dandelion, Lily-of-the-Valley, Nasturtium, Tulip, Honeysuckle, Golden Rod, Rose. As the names I have called constitute a quorum, it is not necessary to call more.

We proceed to the next business in order. The purpose in calling this special meeting is to discuss a little girl living in the house on the hill. She has a new spring hat. The most beautiful hat I have ever seen, but I don't like it, and mainly because it will deceive people. It looks like a flower-garden. Almost every flower you see here to-day is on that hat. Beautiful colored ribbons run in and out among the flowers and add to the beauty of the hat. No, I am not among the flowers she uses. Jealous? Not a bit. Yes, she looks like a flower herself. She is gowned in pure white and her cheeks are like two roses and she skips about so joyously, that all I can do is to stretch my neck to watch her. [*Sighs.*] But she never deigns me a glance. If she is going to wear such a hat, people will think she is the garden of flowers and will never come to visit us. Why, her mouth is like a rosebud and her eyes like twin violets. Her curls are the color of the dandelion. And when she sings you think of the sweetest singer you ever heard. Ladies, what is your pleasure?

[*Sits and watches the Flowers, who seem in consultation.* JACK *rises and acts as if listening.*]

That is true. She does come every day with a watering-pot and give us sweet, clear and cool water to drink. Sometimes she digs

the earth loose about our feet and makes us enjoy its softness and warmth. And when there are too many dead leaves, she picks them off and takes them away. We always feel fresher and sweeter after she is finished. Her singing is so cheerful? Oh, yes, and when she goes I am always sorry. Sometimes she gets close to one and smells or kisses a flower she loves or thinks is beautiful. And once I heard her say, "I love to keep your faces clean and your leaves moist because you look so fresh and beautiful and express so much the beauty of God's creation." Ladies, what is your pleasure? Let her wear the flowers if they make people love them more? And you, Buttercup? Wish she would wear the real flowers? How could she, and then she could not come and talk to you each day in the garden. Ladies, we'll vote in favor of the little girl with the flower-garden hat and hope that she will always wear it. The meeting is now adjourned. [*Exit.*]

ARCHIBALD'S COMPOSITION ON COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS was a great man and died being hung. He was so great that he discovered a cat's island in the ocean. And when he saw the cats he knelt and prayed, he was so thankful. Cats are as old as the hills—I don't mean the Hills that live across the street. Oh, no; I mean the hills that are made from dirt, but then mamma says, "We are made from dirt." If that is true, then I don't know how to explain myself, except that I know cats are really as old as the hills. And that is all I have to say about Columbus.

BOY'S ESSAY ON MAN.

MAN is a queer animal. He has eyes, ears, mouth and nose. His eyes are to get dust in; his ears to get the earache in; his mouth is to hatch teeth in; and his nose is to get the sniffles in. A man's body is split half way up, and he walks on the split end. The female man is called a woman.

BOBBY'S IDEAS ON PARENTS.

PARENTS are things most boys have to look after them. Most girls also have parents. Parents consist of pas and mas. Pas talk a good deal about what they are going to do, but mostly it's mas that make you mind.

Sometimes it is different though. Once there was a boy came home from college on vacation. His parents lived on a farm. There was work to be done on the farm. Work on a farm always has to be done early in the morning. This boy didn't get up. His sister goes to the stairway and calls:

"Willie, 'tis a beautiful morning. Rise and list to the lark."

The boy didn't say anything. Then ma calls:

The boy kept right on, not saying anything. Then his pa puts his head in the stairway, and says he:

"Bill!"

"Coming, sir!" says the boy.

I know a boy that hasn't got any parents. He goes in swimming whenever he pleases. But I am going to stick to my parents. However, I don't tell them so, because they might get it into their heads that I couldn't get along without them. Says this boy to me:

"Parents are a nuisance; they aren't what they're cracked up to be."

Says I to him:

"Just the same, I find them handy to have. Parents have their failings, of course, like all of us, but on the whole I approve of them."

Once a man says to me:

"Bobby, do you love your parents?"

"Well," says I, "I'm not a-quarreling with them!"

THE PANTRY DOOR.

You lost the pantry door key, mother? Have to get another one made? No, you needn't. All you have to do is to stand on a chair and reach down over the transom and shove the lock. What? That's where all the cakes and pies went? [*Hangs head.*]

DESCRIBING THE PLAY.

[Boys are supposed to stand outside theater looking at billboards picturing play one boy saw night before. After gazing awhile, speaker begins.]

THIS fellow [*takes one hand out of pocket and points to one he takes for villain*], it begins with him walking on the stage like this [*stalks in grand style as if he was very fine*], then he says, "What, ho! Not here yet?" Seeing no one, he stalks up and down very angry until he suddenly spies a girl hiding behind trees. "See, there's the girl." And just as he is going to speak to her, a foreign-looking man, with awful fierce black mustache and whiskers and a big slouch hat, comes on the stage and talks to the villain.

"William, it is time to get up. Your breakfast is growing cold."

They look at the girl and say they must do away with her, so they can get the boodle. The girl is very rich. Just as they decide how much each is to get, a blond-haired man comes along and tells them he has heard all they have been saying, and that he will save the girl. They have an awful big fight, but the blond man gets the girl, and the black-haired man and the villain run away as the curtain goes down.

The next scene is a thriller. A girl sits in the parlor of a beautiful house, but she is blind; a young fellow is telling her he loves her, and when she hears it she reels, but he catches and holds her tight in his arms. Just then the black-haired man and the villain rush in, knock the fellow down and carry the girl off. After they are gone, there is a big time. Officers come, and an old woman tells all about the girl, that the villain is the girl's cousin, and as they go out the curtain drops.

The next scene finds that poor girl in a saloon with a lot of fierce-looking men. She cowers way over in a corner. Here she is now in this picture. The officers come in and grab the girl; and the kidnappers fight the officers, but the officers get away after catching the black-haired man and the villain, who shoots himself.

Here's the last picture. I'll tell you about that. You see, the officers get the girl home; a big fuss is made over her; a doctor

comes in, looks at the girl's eyes and tells her fellow that a little simple thing will make her see again, so he takes her out. While they are gone, the fellow hugs the old woman and tells her how happy he is. Then the doctor comes in with the girl and she sees the fellow for the first time; and, when she hears him speak, she falls into his arms again and he holds her tight, and the curtain goes down. Kisses her in this picture? Yes, he did, but I forgot that because while he holds her in his arms the blond man comes in and says he is the one that saved the girl and wants a reward. They offer him money; but he says, if they let him come to the wedding that will be all the reward he needs. I knew you'd like the play. Next week I'm going to see "The Robber Chiefs." The boys all say that's a thriller too. Come along, Jack, we'll be late for school, if we don't hurry. There goes the bell. We'll have to run to get there before old Bates shuts the gate. [*Runs off stage.*]

BOY'S COMPOSITION ON HENS.

HENS are curious animals. They don't have any nose, nor any teeth, nor any ears. They swallow their food whole, and chew it inside their crops. The outside of hens is generally used to make pillows and feather-dusters. The inside of a hen is sometimes filled up with marbles, shirt-buttons, and such. A hen is very much smaller than a good many other animals, but they'll dig up more potato plants than any other animal that isn't a hen. Hens are very useful to lay eggs for plum-pudding. Tommy Bates ate so much plum-pudding once that it gave him the cholera. Hens have wings and can fly with them when they are afraid. I cut my Uncle William's hen's neck off with a hatchet and she flew all around very fast and died because she was so frightened. Hens sometimes make fine spring chickens. Father said last night that the hen we had for dinner was a spring chicken, and I know that hen was ten years old, and mother wasn't sure it would be tender enough. Father said to brother he knew it was a spring chicken because it had taken its last spring over the fence.

NEW SCHOLAR.

[Boy with haggard face, large hollow eyes, clothes patched with different colors, shoes with toe showing, red hands, enters schoolroom and stands shivering near door.]

YES, ma'am, I'm very cold [*shivers, teeth chatter*]. Nearer the fire? Would do no good, for I am not used to much fire. [*Finally moves near fire and stands with hands shoved into pockets, looking forlorn; glances about room; suddenly eyes brighten.*]

I know that little boy, he lives on my street; his father hangs out with my dad. Yes, ma'am, a saloon is on the corner and dad and his father are there most of the time. Mother says they are like twins. I hope some day I can go into that saloon and see all the fine things and get some of the treats dad does. Dad always has something good to eat, because he gets it free. And he has all the fire he wants when in the saloon, and so he doesn't think how cold it is for mother and me.

Why, I'm called Willie by the boys, but that isn't my real name. When we lived in London, in a fine house with a big garden, we had horses and carriages. There I was called Master William Wallace, but over here I am called Willie Jones.

Read and write? Yes, mother taught me, but she hasn't the time to go on teaching me, and so I thought I might learn something if I came to school.

[*Eyes fill with tears; acts as though something hurt his feelings; wipes eyes and looks up.*]

Please don't punish him. He didn't mean to laugh. I know my clothes are not as nice as his, but mother can't afford anything better, and if I am able to learn something I shall be able to earn money and buy breeches without any patches.

Mother does washing now, but she isn't always able to wash, because she is sick a good deal; then there's the baby. Some day, when grandpa is sorry and forgives us, we can go back to London and live in his big house again.

I may join the class? I'm so glad, and I'll be good if you will

only help me so I can help mother. I always help mother. I carry water for her tubs, make fire, mind the baby and run errands. Sometimes the people I carry the wash to, give me cakes and candy and apples. They put them into the basket. Mother doesn't like to have me take the things, but it doesn't hurt me any, besides, I like good things.

No, dad hasn't worked since we came to this country. He says he's down and out since grandpa made us leave because he wouldn't stop gambling. No, he didn't drink much until he came here, mother said so.

Can you help dad? How? By getting him something to do? If you only would! Dad went through Oxford, mother says, and knows a good deal. If you would get something for him, he would be better. Oh, I know he would.

May I run home and tell mother? She'll be so glad. Then I can come to-morrow? How happy mother will be. She won't have to work so hard, if dad only has a job. [*Exits waving ragged cap but with joyous look.*]

ROBBIE'S THANKSGIVING.

[Boy, speaker present. Mother supposed to be present.]

ISN'T it you and papa who give me things? I always say "Thank you" to you. Everything in the world is God's, and what is ours He has given us to make others happy? But I can see you, and talk to you, and hear you. [*Looks lovingly into mother's face, suddenly expression becomes wistful.*] If I could only see God just once, then it would be easier to be thankful to Him, and not forget that I love Him.

He sees us, and loves us all the time, and will hear us when we speak to Him? I remember how you told us that He spoke to us. You know, mamma, you told us that it was God's letter to us. Is it like this? Grandpa is away off, and I never saw him, and he thinks about me and sends me letters. Does God do this? Oh! then we must thank Him for His letter. But, mother, it is easier to thank Him for the Bible, and things like

that, than for clothes and playthings. It seems as though they were only from you and papa. Papa earns the money, doesn't he? Oh! God gives him strength to work for us so that he can earn the money to buy things to eat?

[*Enter person with box.* ROBBIE *runs forward, grabs box and carries it eagerly to mother. Box is opened, revealing music-box.* ROBBIE *picks card from top of music-box and exclaims:*]

Wasn't grandpa just splendid to send this? I must write and tell him how I thank him. [*Looks puzzled.*] Thank expressman? Why, no, mamma [*puzzled tone*]; I suppose he was paid to bring the box, and it isn't his present to me, it is grandpa's.

Mr. Expressman brought it? Oh, so he did. Yes, I do thank him; but, mamma, I don't love Mr. Expressman. Yes, I like him, he is a nice man; but—oh, I see what you mean,—he does lots of things for us and he is near us, and we like him because we know and see him; yet it isn't always the people nearest us that do most for us, and we do love them without seeing them? I know, I love grandpa dearly without ever having seen him and I know he loves me.

[*Stands as if in deep thought.*] And [*slowly and thoughtfully*] it was our Father in heaven that made grandpa want to give this present to me? I must thank God, then, first of all. Mamma, now I understand.

BOY'S EXPERIENCES IN A DEPARTMENT STORE.

[Boy enters, acting tired and apparently being dragged along by mother.]

I'M awful sorry, mother; I've tried to walk faster but I can't. I'm just played out. We must have walked about forty-nine miles. Check your babies? Did you hear that, mother? Check your babies, she said; and I don't mind being a baby if I can only sit down for awhile. Do you think they will check me, mother? They won't know I am six years old, and I can make myself look smaller. See! like this. [*Stoops a little.*]

Don't think they'll take me, because I have too great a capacity for mischief? What's capacity, mother? Anything like a box of marshmallows? No? Just monkey-shines? Oh, I see. Well, I've noticed one thing, mother: when I've a box of marshmallows in one hand, it isn't very hard to keep the other hand from monkey-shines. Somehow or other, so long as the marshmallows last I can keep quiet. Maybe, perhaps, if you bought me two boxes of them—you will? Oh, you dear, good mother.

[*Acts as though they have reached candy department. Puts boxes into pocket and moves with mother to side of stage.*]

Here, mother, is the woman who checks the babies. I'm not a pretty big infant. My brother calls me the infant. [*Stands on one leg and wiggles other leg.*] Bad boy, my age, last week? Well, I'm not that boy; and it must have been fun to change the tags on the babies like that boy did. You must take me! Mother bought me two boxes of candy, and I'll sit still and mother says she will be gone only an hour. Please check me! [*Seems to watch conversation.*] You're a nice lady to help. I'll be good. If I see any babies around I won't do a thing to them.

[*Acts as though being kissed. Climbs on chair and sits looking around. Chair is large, soft and comfortable. Boy feels of chair as if it gave him pleasure. He eats a candy; looks about; suddenly a truck of toys is brought and man puts them on counter. There are soldiers, lion, tiger, monkey, elephant, goat, horse, cow, rough-riders, etc. Truck is wheeled out; boy sits looking at toys until eyes begin to droop; suddenly sits up, rubs eyes.*]

Something spoke. Why, it's the monkey. Wake up? You needn't tell me to do that. I can sleep if I like. You can all yell if you want to, and if you yell too loud I'll break you all to pieces. Oh, what a horrid noise, and the lion made the most noise. Stop that! Stop that! Do you hear, the man will come and send me to my mother. Stop! [*Puts hands over both ears as if to stop noise.*] If you don't stop, in two minutes I'll smash you.

[*Gets down from chair and bangs toys right and left; stops as if some one entered; begins to cry.*]

No, I was good until the animals began to shout at me and make fun of me. I tried to make them stop, but they wouldn't; and so I had to stop them in some way, and so I smashed them all. No, mother, don't you believe her. I was good, and I ate all my candy, and then I fell asleep and the toys waked me up. The monkey began it, and then the rest kept it up until I could stand it no longer. And so I smashed them. I don't want to be checked any more. I wouldn't come to this old store again and have the animals scare me like that. I thought my mother would never come, and the lion roared so and so did that big black bear. I'm glad they're dead now. Yes, I am. Come, mother, let's go home now. [*Exits.*]

BOY'S VIEW OF GIRLS.

GIRLS are very nice! Everybody who has not the misfortune to be a girl will allow this. Nice girls will allow it also as far as itself is concerned. Strange, girls are objectionable in the eyes of girls generally. Powder improves girls sometimes, but it seldom finds this out until it is suggested to it by one of experience. Healthy girls cost their parents less money for doctors' bills, but persons who write romantic tales for circulating libraries choose unhealthy and pasty-faced girls to write about—the swooning kind preferred. If I were not a boy, I think I should like to be a girl. It's best fun to be a boy when there's plenty of girls about.

THE HUNTER.

[*Runs in with gun and several birds.*] I killed them, I killed them all, and uncle did too. With my little gun! Yes, I could, too. For every time I fired, uncle did too, and two birds dropped, and he always gave me one and said I killed it. My gun is only a pop-gun? [*Drops birds on stage and runs out.*]

GAME THE BOYS PLAYED.

COME on, boys! I am the leader. Follow me! Here we go —up the stoop, across the porch, ring the bell—quick! slide!

[*Mops perspiration off face.*]

Phew! wasn't that a close shave? If it hadn't been for that sliding rail she would have caught the whole bunch. Did you hear her call me red-head? Oh! she will tell my mother all right; but it is a mean trick to be always knocking the color of a fellow's hair.

Come on! We'll take another try. Let's go to Widow Brown's yard next. No, she isn't home. I saw her go to the store a little while ago, and she is good for an hour when she goes there, for she is the worst gossip in town. Quick! No, you don't Scotty. Follow your leader. No gate for you! It is over the fence and watch out for the dog.

[*Acts as though running up stoop, across porch, down steps.*]

Didn't those chickens scatter? And the way that bulldog went for us! Anyone hurt? Turn around, let's look. Say, Scotty, your trousers look pretty bad. Bit you? Go on! If he did, he didn't draw any blood. And what is a bite without any blood? Come on, fellows, over the fence!

Now, we will try Farmer Jones's apple-orchard. Yes, you will! I'm the leader. Oh, I saw Farmer Jones drive to market an hour ago with a load of apples. Say, fellows, you are not going back on those beauties of apples over there? We will be over and back in a minute. Think how nice they will taste when we get them. All together, over we go!

Say, Scotty, if you don't follow and play this game square, you will never get a chance to play this game again! [*Acts as though going over fence and making quick run.*] Here's the tree! Aren't those beauties, boys? Quick, boys, up now! let's eat our fill.

Hush! stop that noise. What's that! Say, fellows, we're caught. There is Farmer Jones coming in the gate, and he has his big

horsewhip. He sees us. Now every one of you hustle and make for that fence! Quick! I never saw a man run so in my life. Hear him snap that whip!

[*Acts very excited and keeps constantly moving as if watching Farmer Jones's movements and movements of the boys.*]

Poor Scotty! What a slashing he got! He is over the fence at last. There goes Frank. Where in the world is Will Smith? Phew! What a crack he got! He limps like an old granny, and he didn't get half as many cuts as Scotty. It will be my turn next. Well, if I get out of this alive, I will never play follow-my-leader again. It looks as if Farmer Jones doesn't know I am here [*anxiously*]. He is going back to the house. He hasn't seen me! Well, I am in luck this time! And it is the last time I will ever be caught doing such a thing again. [*Acts as though dropping from tree and races off stage.*]

"THOU SHALT NOT STEAL."

[Beggar boy, speaker present; man supposed to be present. Boy is discovered crouching behind and peering over top of chair at man. When boy sees who man is, he tiptoes from behind chair and puts finger on lips.]

SH!—sh!—please hush!—don't tell anybody, sir. Doing? I'm hiding. Please, sir, don't tell anybody.

Mother? She's dead. Father struck her, and she fell and hit her head and didn't live a week, and she was so good. My father? Hush! don't tell him, don't tell him! You won't, will you? Look here [*throws open waist*]. He beat me until I couldn't breathe. I fell on the floor and lay like a log for hours. Father drinks, sir. And when he does he is very ugly. But this time he beat me because I wouldn't steal for him.

Steal? Yes, sir, all the boys in our alley steal. We are brought up to do that and I was a good thief once. The police never caught me. There isn't a boy in our alley who hasn't been in prison, but I never was and I never shall be now.

Why won't I steal any more? I'll tell you why. I went to the

mission school and learned there of God, and of heaven. They taught me "Thou shalt not steal," and I'll never steal again even if father kills me for it. But please, sir, don't tell him.

Is this all the home? It is the only place I have. I have to sleep over there on the shavings. I don't mind that, sir, as long as I don't have to steal.

Better place, sir? If you only could. I'd do my best, sir. You'll go for the lady? Wait a minute and hear me sing the hymn they taught me at the mission school. Oh, how I love it. [*Sings.*]

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

"Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Gracious Lord, forbid it not,
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place."

Beautiful, sir, and I love it so. You'd better go, sir. I think I hear father coming, and I do not want another beating to-day. I couldn't stand it. Good-bye! No, that's right. Not good-bye. Come soon again and I'll go with you. [*Hides quickly behind chair.*]

BORROWED DISHES.

[Dining-room interior; family supposed to be seated at table; clergyman, guest of honor; boy, speaker.]

MA! ma! [*boy calls out*], isn't this one of Miss Jones's vases?

[*Holds up vase with gratified expression. Suddenly puts vase on table; sinks back in chair as if suddenly squelched and acts as though eating in silence. Suddenly his face lights up again.*]

Why, ma, my plate is different from the others! [*Looks in direction of mother. Face takes on obstinate expression.*] Why, it is, ma. Now, just see here. This plate has——

[*Sinks back in chair and is quiet for a time, closely watching everything; lifts cup for a sip when his eye falls on saucer. Instantly becomes alert and eager. He whispers:*]

Why, ma, this cup doesn't belong to——

[*Stops suddenly, mouth open and speechless. Resumes eating a while in silence; face suddenly beams when he discovers person opposite putting spoon to mouth.*]

Ma! Isn't Nanny a funny girl?

What makes me think her funny? Why, you know, you know. [*Speaks rapidly and in manner of one imparting information to company in response to cordial invitation.*] You know, when I went over there this afternoon to get the spoons, she said she hoped the company wouldn't bite them, as it would dent—[*rises quickly from table and acts as though being led out of room; as he goes he continues speaking.*] Ma! ma! it isn't fair to make me go away from the table. You said the truth would never hurt anybody, and that lady across the table was biting so hard on Nanny's spoon, that I thought that she would never loan them again when we have company—it isn't fair, ma. [*Exit.*]

GOING BAREFOOT.

[Boy, barefooted and in old clothes, enters awkwardly, shoving toes in and out of rug. Looks up suddenly.]

IT'S more fun going barefoot than anything I know. Why, there isn't another single thing that helps your feelings so. You see, when the days are cold and bleak, I stay indoors and get in mother's way. When I bother her too much, she tells me to go and play. But how can a fellow play in the house, with shoes and stockings on, and all dressed up?

Last week we had some warm days, and I looked up at the mountain to see if the snow had all melted. But it hadn't. You see, when the snow is all gone on the mountain, mother says I can go barefoot. How I long for that old snow to melt! Last year, I couldn't wait long enough for it all to melt; so, when it was nearly gone on this side of the mountain right up there where mother could see, I told her I could take off my shoes. She was busy at the time and didn't answer, and so I took them off. But, two days after, I took sick and didn't get out for over six weeks. So it didn't pay to fool mother like that. It was hard to stay in

bed all that time, especially when I could hear the boys down by the creek.

Why like to go barefoot? It's this way: when you want to play a game, such as robbers or Indians, you can't have any fun if you wear shoes. Indians always creep up and catch you unawares; if they wore shoes, how could they creep without making a noise?

Hurts your feet to go barefoot? Not mine. Yes, at first it does, until your feet get hard. Why, I've had every toe done up in a rag for the first week or two; but, shucks! what's a little hurt like that to all the fun you have! With shoes on, you can't stretch out your toes or dig them in the dirt, besides grass feels so cool and tickly between the toes when you go barefoot.

You can't walk on stones? Oh, that's easy—you just have to learn how to curl your toes around the stones, and then they never hurt; and, when the grass has prickers in it, you just put your feet down hard and the prickers won't hurt much.

We wade in water, go through mud-puddles, climb trees, and run races when we are barefoot. We can climb a hay-stack so fast that people can't find us, when we've been in mischief and don't want to be found. If I had my way, I'd always go barefoot. Many's the time I've wished I could lose my shoes and mother could never buy any more. See, the snow is going fast! To-morrow, or maybe next week, mother will say I can go barefoot. I'll never bother mother then.

Feet clean? Don't want them clean. They look much better when dirt's on them. They look more natural, father says; and I guess he knows, for once in a while I see him take off his boots and walk barefoot through the grass; but mother doesn't know it, and father wouldn't tell her because she is so afraid. If mothers weren't so afraid, boys wouldn't be sick so much, I guess. They scare us with their fears. So father never lets on, but says it's fine to feel the grass tickling his toes; and it's true, for I know.

At night? That's easy enough. Just before going to bed, father and I go into the woodshed, fill the basin with water and wash our feet; and we put on slippers and when we get into bed our feet feel just like new and we sleep like a top.

See the sun, how it shines,—the snow is most gone! In two weeks more I can go barefoot. Dear, dear, I wish it never did snow again, and then—well, then I could go barefoot always.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

[Boy wears trousers held by string around belt; shoes well worn and tied with cord; stockings out at knee; hat old and soiled; face and hands dirty. Flings himself on ground, shoves feet as if digging into dirt, speaks as though another boy was present and was asking questions or making remarks.]

THAT'S what ails me! I don't believe in a fellow digging in and learning all there is to learn, and not letting the other fellow have a chance. There's lots of other fellows in this world beside me, and I'm not going to be a hog and try to learn all there is to learn.

Why, I think I know enough now. Three times two are six, four times five are twenty, four and four are eight. Those are certainly correct. As correct as I could make them if I went to school a hundred years. And don't I know how to spell? Well, I guess I can. C-a-t is "cat" the world over, and I know it as well as if I weighed a ton.

[*Rises and throws stone at something; drops on chair and holds foot in hand.*]

Geography? Yes, that does stick a fellow sometimes. I don't really go much on geography. After all, what do I care whether an island is entirely surrounded by water or not, or whether there isn't any water within ten miles of it? Do you suppose I'm going to buy and sell islands for a living? I don't care which is the highest mountain or the longest river, do I? Why, I'm going to keep a feed-store, and when I'm rolling bales of hay around do you think I shall care about mountains and rivers? I've heard some of the fellows rave about exports and imports, and straits, and seas, and capes, but what good will such be to me? If a man wants a bag of oats, is he going to wait and ask me when the Island of Madagascar was discovered?

[*Examines sole of one shoe, then sole of other.*]

My folks are doing all they can to keep me in school, and I am doing all I can to keep out. Somehow or other, school and I are not very good friends. We don't take to each other, that's all. I could sit here in the sunshine all day and study and not get nervous or restless, but the minute I get into the school-room—well, something's going to happen to me this week. I'll be taken home in a wheelbarrow with a big gash in my heel, or something like that, so that I shall be out of school for four weeks or more. Or, I can go home running so fast that when I get there mother will think I have palpitation of the heart and won't let me go to school for a while. She has had it; and, if she thinks I have it, she'll put me to bed and pet me. Bah, how I hate that! I wouldn't mind staying home, if she didn't hang around me so. But she gives me lots of cake and jelly. Then she'll say to father, "Father, it's no use sending James to school, he is looking very peaked to-day and I'm afraid of his heart."

Father? Oh, I know what he will say. He'll say, "There's nothing on earth the matter with that boy but laziness. He doesn't want to learn, that's all." And then mother will say, "Now, father, you are unjust to James. He's as anxious to learn as you, and you know how anxious that is." And then father will grin. I guess he doesn't want to learn over much either. He goes to the store when he wants to learn about politics or anything worth while. No, I'm not going to school to-day even if you do think it's wrong not to go.

Dishonest to say I'm hurt or sick when I'm not? Say, lots of fellows do that. No, I don't want to be dishonest. No, mother does trust me. She believes in me. Yes, she's anxious I should learn all I can. She was a school-teacher before she married father. She wants me to be a professor at college and somehow or other, since you have been talking, I feel as though I should try for that. It would make mother so happy. Yes, I shall have to clean up a bit. Don't think that's mother's fault. She sends me out clean, but I change down to the barn and go to school like this so as to make the teacher mad and send me home to get clean. Then I go down to the creek and fish.

Dishonest? Yes, you're right. It is. I never before thought anthing about it except it was fun to get away. No, I don't know as I did have such a good time after all.

I'm going to the barn to put on my good clothes, and I'm going to school before it is too late. Here's my hand on my promise never to be dishonest again. I get your meaning. Any act that deceives another is dishonest. Also any act that deprives another of something that belongs to another. The last I knew, but the first I'll try never to forget again. I must move quick if I get to school in time. Thank you, sir. Good morning! [*Exit.*]

JIMMY BROWN AND MR. MARTIN'S EYE.

W. L. ALDEN.

I'VE made up my mind to one thing, and that is, I'll never have anything to do with Mr. Martin again. He ought to be ashamed of himself, going around and getting boys into scrapes, just because he's put together so miserably. Sue says she believes it's mucilage, and I think she's right. If he couldn't afford to get himself made like other people, why doesn't he stay at home?

If it wasn't for Mr. Travers, I should feel worse than I do. But he says things to comfort me, and he tells me stories. This is the one he told me the other day.

There was once a man who knew another man, and the man and the other man both went to see a young lady, and she and the man used to sit together on the piazza, to improve their minds; and then the other man would come and they would be sorry.

But the young lady had a little brother, and when the other man came the little brother would make it so unpleasant for him that he would go away and let the man and the young lady improve their minds some more. This is a true story, because Mr. Travers knows the boy that did it.

And he says that boy is sure of heaven. But I guess he wouldn't have been sure of anything if the other man had been like Mr.

Martin, made to disappoint you by coming apart when you never expected it.

The other evening Mr. Martin and Sue and Mr. Travers were sitting on the piazza, and I was playing with my new baseball in the yard, and Mr. Martin called out, "Pitch it over here, sonny; give us a catch." So I tossed it over gently, and he pitched it back again, and said why didn't I throw it like a man, and not toss it like a girl. So I just sent him a swift ball—a regular daisy-cutter. I knew he couldn't catch it, but I expected he would dodge. He did try to dodge, but it hit him alongside of one eye, and knocked it out.

I saw that eye fly up against the side of the house, and then roll down the front steps to the front walk, where it stopped and winked at me.

I turned, and ran out of the gate and down the street as hard as ever I could. I made up my mind that Mr. Martin was spoiled forever.

But I went back home as soon as it was dark, and stole around to the back of the house, so I could get in the window and find some cake. And I found Sue and asked was Mr. Martin dead yet, and would she get me some cake and the carving-knife, because I was going away to be a pirate? She put her arms around me, and said, "Dear little soul!" and told me that Mr. Martin's eye was put in again and he had gone home.

Father hasn't heard about that eye yet, but if he does hear about it there will be a dreadful scene; he bought a new rattan cane yesterday. There ought to be a law to punish men that sell rattan canes to fathers, unless they haven't any children.

DUCK ON A ROCK.

How do you play Duck on a Rock? Say, any one would know you were green. All you have to do is place a rock in the middle of the street, put a live duck on it and then hit it with a stick if you can. Go on! Duck wouldn't be there when you hit? Say, you're promoted. You're not as green as you look.

ONLY A NEWSBOY.

[Boy costumed as ragged newsboy with bundle of papers under arm.]

RIGHT, I'm only a newsboy! My father lived and died a gentleman, and it isn't his fault that I'm selling papers to-day. He endorsed a friend's note, and had it to pay, and father had to sell his big house, and all the grand furniture and silver, and the carriage and two beautiful horses, and my dear little pony, and had to pay all his money in the bank besides.

We moved to a little wooden house, and father sold his diamond-studs and ring for money to live on till he could get employment. Would you believe it, he walked the big city over for I don't know how many weeks, and never got a bit of work? You see, he was brought up a gentleman, and knew no trade, and everybody that had any use for a clerk, or secretary, or agent, or tutor, had one.

And although father couldn't count all his friends when he was rich, he actually didn't have one after he was poor! You'd have thought he was a criminal, the way they'd cross on the other side when they saw him coming.

Well, father wouldn't let mother or sister try to do anything, and kept me at school, so that the money didn't last long. He was taken very ill—with a broken heart, mother says. He was ill so long, that, when he died, all of mother's and sister's beautiful jewelry was gone; and it took what pictures and such things as they'd saved to bury him. I came home from school, and we all went to work in good earnest.

Happy with a patched coat and shoes? Well, yes. Clothes don't make a boy happy; they make him warm. I've pretty good luck selling papers, and when I go home there's always a smile and welcome from two dear ones that I wouldn't vex for all the world. You needn't sneer at me as "only a newsboy," for I'm too happy to feel it. Paper, sir? Here you are, sir. [*Runs after supposititious customer.*]

CORRECTION-BOX.

YESTERDAY morning, a missionary man came to our Sunday-school and told us all about the little heathen. They don't have to be dressed up, nor learn the catechism, nor behave, nor do anything disagreeable. And they don't know the value of money; they'd a great deal rather have a bright button than a gold dollar.

In the afternoon, when we were ready for church, mother gave us each a five-cent piece.

"That's to put in the correction-box," says she. "The missionary is going to preach, and your father and I want you to give him something for the heathen."

On the way to church, Alice said, "It isn't the least use to give our five cents to the heathen. They'd much rather have a bright button than a gold dollar, and, of course, they wouldn't care a bit about our five cents. And there is no candy in heathenland, so what do they want of money, anyhow?"

Then I said, "If I only had my button-string, we could each give a button, and spend our five cents for candy, and so we'd be pleased all around."

Alice said, "That's a good idea, Johnny. There's a button loose on my jacket this very minute, and I can twist off another before the correction-box comes round. I'll give it to you."

I thought it was a lovely plan, for Alice's buttons are just beauties.

When we went to church, though, they made me go into the pew first, and mother put Alice beside her next to the door so that we couldn't talk.

The missionary talked a long time. Then they sang "Greenland's Icy Mountains," and then they went around with the correction-boxes. Father takes one of them, and they're on long sticks like a corn-popper, and deep, so other folks can't see what you put in them. I had to drop in my five cents, and then mother and Sister Emma put in their money, and, last of all, Alice put in her button. She held her hand close to the box when she did it, and then she

looked behind the others, and nodded, so I'd know she had her five cents all safe.

This morning we bought five lovely squares of taffy. We didn't have time to eat them before school, so Alice said:

"Let us wait till after dinner, and then give everybody a piece; and then I'll tell father what the missionary said, and maybe after this he'll give buttons, and it will save him a great deal of money."

After dinner, just as we took out the candy to divide it, father pulled something bright out of his pocket, and rolled it across the table to mother. She thought it was money, and said: "Just what I wanted." But it wasn't money, it was the brass button.

"How did you come by this?" said she.

"I found it in the correction-box, yesterday afternoon," said father. "Some little rascal put it in, I suppose, and spent his money for candy, and whoever he is, he ought to have a good lesson. If he were my child——"

And then mother said, "Why, it is just like Alice's buttons!"

And Sister Emma said, "Well, there is one button missing from her Sunday jacket. I noticed it this morning, and meant to speak about it."

Everybody stared at us. Father said, "Alice, is this your button?" And we both said yes. Then they called us "unhappy children," and sent us upstairs.

We've both had a good lesson. I had one, because they said I put it into Alice's head. For two weeks, father is going to put our pennies away for the heathen, to make us remember. I wish I was a heathen.

THE SNEAK.

Teacher, I don't want to sit next to Willie Jones any more. [*Shoves out as if pushing boy off seat.*] He's a sneak, a real sneak. He went to my house last night and told my father I played hookey last week. The day I gave you a note? Yes, ma'am, that's the day, and he was fishing too, and he gave me away because I wouldn't let him have some of my fish. Both sneaks? Must sit together? [*Turns on Willie, shakes fist.*] You wait!

PART II
BOY VERSE IMPERSONATIONS

PRESENT FOR LITTLE BOY BLUE.

J. W. FOLEY.

OUR Neighbor, he calls me his Little Boy Blue
Whenever he goes by our yard;
And he says, "Good morning," or "How do you do?"
But sometimes he winks very hard.

I guess he doesn't know what my name really is,
Or else he forgot, if he knew;
And my! You would think I am really part his—
He calls me his Little Boy Blue.

Our Neighbor, he told me that Little Boy Blue
Once stood all his tops in a row,
And said, "Now, don't go till I come back to you"—
But that was a long time ago.

And one time, at Christmas, when I had a tree,
He brought me a sled, all brand-new,
And smiled when he said it was partly for me
And partly for Little Boy Blue.

Our Neighbor, he's not going to have any tree,
So he says the best he can do
Is to try to get something to partly give me
And partly give Little Boy Blue.

Because, if he's here, it would make him so glad,
And he said he knew it was true
That ever and ever so many folks had
A boy just like Little Boy Blue.

Our Neighbor, he calls me his Little Boy Blue,
And said he would like to help trim
Our tree when it came—he would feel that he knew
It was partly for me and for him.
He said he would fix it with lights and wax-flowers,
With popcorn and berries—you see
He'd like to come over and help to trim ours—
He's not going to have any tree!

MOTHER COMES AT NIGHT.

ELIZABETH PAYNE.

SOMETIMES when I'm awake at night
I think of stories that you hear
Of dreadful things that prowl and creep,
But which good children need not fear.
While I, with straining eyes and wide,
Stare anxiously into the gloom,
My mother seems to cross the room
Just as she did before she died.

She never speaks, nor touches me,
But comes and sits beside my bed,
And smiles and smiles so tenderly
I 'most forget that she is dead.
And somehow I don't seem to care
About the dark while she is by;
I'm not alone—I'm safe—and I
Fall fast asleep while mother's there.

Then when I wake the sun peeps through
My window-blind, and it is day;
The birds are singing in the trees—
They call to me to come and play.
And though in daylight it may be
I do forget sometimes, I'll own,
Yet I know well, when I'm alone—
Afraid at night—she'll come to me.

WONDERS OF TOMMY.

I'M but a child, as children go,
Who's lived about six years by now,
Yet many things I mean to know—
I wonder how?

Last night our cook, Miss Evergreen,
Told one of our fishmonger's men
That twenty summers she had seen—
I wonder when?

To-day the air is rough and rude.
Ma wears a brow as black as pitch.
Says her complexion's spoiled for good—
I wonder which?

Papa in competitions tries.
Till now he'd never failed to lose.
This time he really took a prize—
I wonder whose?

Ma heard of it and let him see
Her bill for hats. Papa grew hot.
He said if he paid that he'd be—
I wonder what?

The curate entered in the thick,
He tried to dissipate the gloom.
"Some men," cried pa, "I'd like to kick"—
I wonder whom?

These puzzles much my brains have teased,
But when to question folks I try,
They generally look displeased—
I wonder why?

HOME A DIFFERENT PLACE.

ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN.

WHEN I was up where ma's folks live,
Whenever I was bad
They'd say: "He is *so* sensitive,
The precious little lad!"

But now I guess I've got to quit;
Home's not at all that way.
Ma doesn't seem to care a bit
Whatever pranks I play.

I've thrown the kitten down the well,
And had to pull her up;
I've chased the chickens, hooked the jell,
And mauled the yellow pup.

Then I lay down and banged my head
Quite hard against the floor;
But ma—she only smiled and said:
"I wouldn't—any more."

She never says I'm sensitive;
I think she's very rude.
And she's my nearest relative!
I'll—I'll—I'll just be—*good!*

A RESOLVE.

GOD helping me,
I promise not to buy, drink, sell, or give
Alcoholic liquors while I live;
From all tobacco I'll abstain,
And never take God's name in vain.

FOURTH OF JULY WISH.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

I WISH I had lived for a single day
In the city of William Penn;
I think I'd have shouted my voice away
With the rest of the people, when
The bell in the steeple rang out to the sky
The very first time on the Fourth of July.

I wish I had stood in the buckled shoes
Of a minuteman's boy and heard
How old Independence rang out the news—
Oh, I don't think I'd wait for the word,
But I'm pretty sure I would show them that I
Was willing to own the first Fourth of July.

I wish I had worn a three-cornered hat
In the city of William Penn;
My heart would have beaten a rat-a-tat
In the crowd with the minutemen,
To hear the bell ring and the merry news fly
That this was the very first Fourth of July.

THANKS.

IT'S very hard, kind friends, for me
To stand up here with trembling knee,
And see so many people's eyes
Cast on a boy of my small size;
But then, I thought I'd take my place,
And, soldier-like, the music face;
I've tried my hardest to please you,
You may believe me, this is true;
Your kind attention, ere we part,
I thank you for, with all my heart.

[*Places hand on heart and bows.*]

UP-TO-DATE SCHOOL BOY.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD! he ascended the throne
In the year—goodness me, what a shame!
I knew it last night, sir,—upon honor, I did!
At any rate, Richard was lame.

It's odd that I shouldn't precisely recall
The year he began, sir, to rule—
(Bill Jones, can't you tell me, or are you too mean?
I'll pay you for this after school!)

"He gained his position, by what?" Let me think—
Oh, murdering all of his kin.
Two fine little nephews he cruelly drowned
In a hogshead of—wasn't it gin?

"To whom was he married?" (Just whisper it, Bill,
And I'll lend you my ball a whole day.)
"To whom was he married, sir?" (Louder, Bill Jones,
I can't hear a word that you say!)

"How long did he reign?" Twenty years (there's a guess)—
"Who killed him? In what famous fight?"
Oh, yes, I remember—the Black Prince, of course—
At Hastings. (Bill, isn't that right?)

"Sufficient! Detained after school?" Sir! Well, well!
The justice of this I can't see;
It's enough to discourage (stop giggling, Bill Jones!)
A hard-working student like me.

TRY TO BE AS GOOD.

To be as great as Washington,
I could not if I would,
So I've made up my mind
To try to be as good.

WHERE DO SLEEPY BOYS GO?

WHERE do you go when you go to sleep?
That's what I want to know;
There's loads of things I can't find out,
But nothing bothers me so.
Nurse puts me to bed in my little room
And takes away the light;
I cuddle down in the blankets warm
And shut my eyes up tight,
Then off I go to the funniest place,
Where everything seems queer;
Though sometimes it is not funny at all,
Just like the way it is here.
There's mountains made of candy there,
Big fields covered with flowers,
And lovely ponies, and birds and trees,
A hundred times nicer than ours.
Often, dear mamma, I see you there,
And sometimes papa, too;
And last night the baby came back from heaven,
And played like he used to do.
So all of this day I've been trying to think,
Oh, how I wish I could know,
Whereabouts that wonderful country is
Where sleepy little boys go.

BOY'S MISSION.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

SMALL as I am, I've a mission below—
A mission that widens, and grows as I grow,
'Tis to let alone cider and brandy and gin;
'Tis to keep well away from these potions of sin.

'Tis to make myself noble and manly and true;
'Tis to touch no tobacco, not smoke and not chew
That unhealthy weed that true women detest,
And all people know is a filthy old pest.

'Tis to say unto all what I say unto you:
Let these things alone if you would be true.
They are foes to all virtue, and lead down to all shame,
Shun drink and tobacco and keep up your good name.

Cold water that comes from the well is my drink,
The healthiest, purest and sweetest, I think;
It never makes drunkards, it never brings woe—
I'll praise it and drink it wherever I go.

BOY'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

I'VE only been to school three months,
And I can't write very well,
But I'll try and tell you a few things I want,
If mamma will help me spell.

First, I'd like an engine
That can whistle and pull a train,
But then, if you haven't got one,
A steamboat will do just the same.

Please bring me a book with pictures,
And stories that I can read,
And if you can get it in your pack,
I'd like a velocipede.

Bring plenty of nuts and candies
And sweetmeats out of your store,
With a top, and fiddle, and mouth-harp,
And just a few things more.

Sister wants some dollies,
With pretty eyes and curls,
I guess dolls aren't much account,
But then they'll do for girls.

Good-bye, old Santa, I must close,
For Christmas is almost here.
A merry Christmas to you all,
And a happy, glad New Year.

BOY'S RESOLUTION.

THIS school year I mean to do better!
To bind myself down with a fetter,
I'll write out a plan
As strong as I can,
Because I am such a forgetter.
Resolved:—but I'm sleepy this minute.
There's so much, when once you begin it!
Resolved: with my might
I'll try to do right.
That's enough! for the whole thing is in it.

WHEN FATHER PLAYED BASEBALL.

THE smell of arnica is strong,
And mother's time is spent
In rubbing father's arms and back
With burning liniment.
The house is like a druggist's shop,
Strong odors fill the hall,
And day and night we hear him groan,
Since father played baseball.

He's forty past, but he declared
That he was young as ever,
And in his youth, he said, he was
A baseball player, clever.

So when the business men arranged
A game, they came to call
On dad, and asked him if he thought
That he could play baseball.

"I haven't played in fifteen years,"
Said father, "but I know
That I can stop the grounders hot,
And I can make the throw.
I used to play a corking game;
The curves—I know them all."
He had the make-up on all right
When father played baseball.

At second base, they stationed him,
A liner came his way,
Dad tried to stop it with his knee
And missed a double play.
He threw into the bleachers twice,
He let a pop fly fall;
Oh, we were all ashamed of him,
When father played baseball.

He tried to run, but tripped and fell,
He tried to make a throw;
It put three fingers out of joint,
And father let it go.
He stopped a grounder with his face,
Was spiked,—nor was that all.
It looked to us like suicide
When father played baseball.

At last he limped away, and now
He suffers in disgrace;
His arms are bathed in liniment,
Court-plaster hides his face.

He says his back is breaking and
His legs won't move at all.
It made a wreck of father when
He tried to play baseball.

The smell of arnica abounds,
He hobbles with a cane;
A row of blisters mar his hands,
He is in constant pain!
But, lame and weak as father is,
He swears he'll lick us all
If we dare even speak about
The day he played baseball.

MY BEST GIFT.

MABEL E. OSGOOD.

IT'S better than a rocking-horse,
It's better than a sled,
It's better than a candy cane,
Or grandma's gingerbread.
It's bigger than a kitty,
Or even a little pup,
It's better than a knife and fork,
Or my new silver cup.
I wouldn't trade for chestnuts
Or lots and lots of toys;
It's better than a train of cars,
Which pleases most all boys.
I'll show it to you sometime,
It's upstairs now with mother,
And then you'll see what's best to me—
It's just my baby brother.

SO FATHER SAYS.

I WISH I'd been grandpa's child
That I could have the joy
Of fishing in those good old days
When father was a boy.
For then the fish grew bigger far
Than they do nowadays,
And literally packed the streams—
At least, so father says.

They never caught a sucker then
That didn't weigh a ton,
And pickerel were longer than
A modern Armstrong gun.
They used to yank out halibut
In hundreds from our bays,
And shad ran up the banks to bite—
At least, so father says.

They never thought of using bait
To lure the wily trout,
They reached a bushel basket down
And simply dipped them out;
And in about an hour or two
They'd fill up several drays
And sow them through the neighborhood—
At least, so father says.

In short, they caught so many fish,
That 'fore their sport was through
The stream where they were fishing would
Go down a yard or two.
And not an angler failed to come
Home loaded in those days—
A habit father still pursues,
At least, so mother says.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TRUANT.

MARY E. IRELAND.

ONE time, when dressed for Sunday-school,
I thought I'd stay away,
And gather chestnuts in the woods,
And play there all the day.

I watched the boys go in the door,
But none of them saw me,
And when my teacher came in sight
I hid behind a tree.

The woods got lonesome after 'while
And chipmunks seemed to say,
"O little boy, you ought to be
In Sunday-school to-day!"

I felt as mean as anything
With not a place to go,
And not a boy to play with me,—
They were in school, you know.

The angels who see everything
I 'spect felt very sad,
To see a boy who had the chance
Of being good, so bad.

I got so tired of that old woods,
I could no longer wait,
But ran right into Sunday-school,
Although 'twas very late.

And now I always go on time,
And stay till it is out;
The chipmunks seem to wink, "Dear boy,
You know what you're about."

ON BEING TEN.

I'M very nearly grown, you see;
Next birthday I'll be ten,
And I suppose that life will be,
Oh, very different then!
Though being nine's very nice,
And you do pleasant things,
I think at ten there will be twice
As many happenings!

I know a boy who's ten, and I
Have often heard him say
He does not have to ask, but goes
Just where he likes to play.
And when you're ten I think that you
May sometimes sit up late.
At nine, no matter what you do,
You go to bed by eight!

I think you give your toys away,
You feel so nearly grown;
You're very quiet at your play,
You go downtown alone.
There's lots of things you do, I s'pose,
That I don't even know.
O, dear, when anybody grows
It is so very slow!

But wouldn't it be very strange,
When I was truly ten,
If I should think I'd like to change
To nine years old again?
Of course, it always seems to me
To be ten would be fine!
But do you think I'll ever be
Just homesick to be nine?

LETTER FROM THE FARM.

ETHEL M. KELLEY.

Dear Mother:

I GOT here on Monday,
I'm having a whole lot of fun.
I rode on the hay all of one day,
I freckled all up in the sun.
There's cows and there's bees making honey,
And a calf that is awfully queer.
I help feed the pigs—they're so funny!
I wish you were here.

My appetite's "truly alarming,"
So grandmamma says. I eat some!
I help them a lot with the farming,
I guess it is lucky I come.
I get in the eggs, and I'm learning
To milk—I can milk pretty near,
And mornings I help with the churning—
I wish you were here.

Please send me my two baseball mittens,
Please send me my drum, don't forget!
The cat has five beautiful kittens,
They haven't their eyes open yet.
The weather is perfectly splendid,
The skies are so blue and so clear.
I tore my best pants, but they're mended—
I wish you were here.

I work with the man that is hired,
I go with him round everywhere.
At night I'm so dreadfully tired
I 'most fall asleep in my chair.

Except that I get awfully dirty
I try to be good, mother dear.
Love to all,
From your little son Bertie—
P. S. I wish you were here.

UNKNOWN SEA.

ANNIE McILHANY.

WHENEVER I ask Aunt Maidie
To "give me a nickel, please,"
She says, "Just wait, little Jimmie,
Till my ship sails over the seas."

A bicycle, too, and a pony
(Already I've named him Sport),
Aunt Maidie is going to give me
When her ship comes into the port.

I asked her to tell me what ocean
Her ship was sailing upon.
She said, "'Tis the Sea of Fortune,
With millions of ships thereon."

So I went and got my atlas,
I hunted it through and through,
But never a Sea of Fortune
'Mong the oceans painted blue.

Now it seems that a million vessels
Would take a very large sea,
And why it's not on the atlas
Is something that just gets me.

LITTLE BOY'S WISH.

IDA M. C. CLARKE.

IF all the leaves were dollars,
And the dollars all were mine,
Oh, I would be a banker,
And the counters bright would shine;
And right upon the windows
In letters black and gold,
I'd say, "This is the poor folks' bank,
For both the young and old,
And all of you that's needy,
Just through this doorway come—
For I've got lots of money
And you shall all have some."

And you'd see old Papple Simins
With his little lame grandchild,
And you'd see the Martin orphans
With their eyes so soft and mild
A-riding round in carriages,
A-singing songs of glee,
And a-buying peanut candy,
Like ma buys for you and me;
And there'd be no more cold fingers,
Or lame frost-bitten toes,
For the poor should have good fires,
And the softest, warmest clothes.

I'd get old Grannie a cushioned crutch—
She can't walk, 'cause her muscles twitch;
She told me once she'd die with the gout,
If ever she got rich.
I hope some time in the fall of the year
They'll pepper down to me,

The leaves all silver dollars bright,
From every forest tree;
Then to every poor old beggar
And the orphan child I'll give,
And I'll put a card in the paper
For them to come to my town and live.

VACATION TIME AT GRANDPA'S.

ANNA P. CHANDLER.

MY school-books dull have been packed away,
And I've nothing to do but play and play,
Just romp and frolic the livelong day,
In vacation time at grandpa's.

I've no more lessons to think about,
No more sums to be all worked out;
I'll soon forget them, without a doubt,
When I get up to grandpa's.

We ride in the cars one whole day through.
"Don't we get tired?" Well, yes, we do,
Tired and hot, but we like it, too,
That long, long trip to grandpa's.

There at the station is Uncle Fred,
With the carriage and horse, and the old dog Ned;
How he scampers and barks and runs ahead
When we say, "Gee up for grandpa's!"

We drive and drive till the sun's most down,
Past the big white meeting-house, through the town,
And out by the school-house old and brown
That is only a mile from grandpa's.

I'd like to tell how we spend the day,
How we ride the horses and rake the hay.
There's really no end to what I could say
Of vacation time at grandpa's.

SPELLING-CLASS.

HELEN S. DALEY.

IN spelling class at school, you know,
I'm always number two,
And Dotty's always number one,
No matter what I do.

Sometimes I miss a word, although
I try with all my might,
And Dotty—she is number one
Because she spells it right.

And if she chance to miss a word,
Why, I declare, I do!
And so she stays the number one,
And I stay number two.

Mamma says, "Little ladies first,
Should ever be the rule,"
And that's the way it always is
In spelling-class at school.

THOSE PANTS MOTHER MAKES.

I HATE those pants that mother makes,
And "leaves me room to grow;"
That's why they drag around my legs,
That's why they wobble so.

That's why the pockets at the side
Are way down by the feet;
And the way I know the front from back,
Is the patch that's on the seat.

That's why they look so kind of queer;
I'm going to tell her so;
I hate those pants that mother makes
With "lots of room to grow."

MY ANSWER.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

SOMEBODY asked me to take a drink.
What did I tell him? What do you think?
I told him "No!"

Somebody gave me a cigarette,
And asked me to smoke it. What did he get?
I told him "No!"

Somebody laughs that I will not swear
And lie and steal, but I do not care.
I told him "No!"

Somebody asked me to take a sail
On the Sabbath day. 'Twas of no avail.
I told him "No!"

"If sinners entice thee, consent thou not,"
My Bible says, and so, on the spot,
I told him "No!"

THANKFUL BOY.

ZITELLA COCKE.

THANKS, dear God, for all the fun
I have had throughout the year;
For the smiling sky and sun,
For the summer's glorious cheer.
Thanks for every jolly game
I have played in field and wood,
Thanks for lovely flowers that came
Blooming where the snowdrifts stood.

Thanks for all the luscious fruit,
Apples red and purple grapes;
Thanks for vine and tree and root,
Melons of all sorts and shapes.
Thank you for the noisy rain,
Making music down the eaves,
Knocking at the window-pane,
Dancing with the happy leaves.

Thank you for the winter days—
Beautiful with ice and snow,
Merry rides in jingling sleighs,
Coasting, skating, to and fro.
Thanks for joyous Christmas-tide,
And the pretty stories told
By the bright and warm fireside,
Safe from harm and wind and cold.

Thank you for the stars and moon,
For the great, wide ocean, too.
Thank you for the bird's sweet tune,
Laughing brooks and sparkling dew.
Oh, so many thanks we need
For your kindness, and I say,
Thank you very much indeed
For the gift—Thanksgiving day.

WORK VS. PLAY.

FLORENCE WILKINSON.

I GET so tired running errands
I'd almost like to drop;
But when I'm playing hare and hounds
I never want to stop.

LITTLE KNIGHT-ERRANT.

MARGARET A. RICHARD.

WHAT! I afraid? Well, I guess not—
I am a boy! Had you forgot?
If you'll just hold my hand real tight,
We'll pass that little dog all right.

You see, you're just a girl, Lucile,
And girls are scary; they just squeal
At nearly everything they see;
But boys are brave. Now you watch **me!**

Shoo, dog, I say! If you don't run,
I'll shoot you with this big pop-gun
That Uncle Joel gave to me
On my birthday. 'Tis loaded, see!

Look there, Lucile, he's trotting off;
I scared him awful, sure enough;
He doesn't know (talk easy, please!)
I've shot off all my bag of peas.

He's coming back. But doesn't he look
Just like that lion in my book?
I believe he's mad—he's such a sight—
And dogs that's mad—run!—run!—he'll bite!

* * * * *

Now, what's the use, Lucile, to cry?
That dog was only passing by.
He didn't look at us at all. . . .
I don't see why you had to fall,

And muss your dress all up, like that;
And look there in the ditch; your hat
Is ruined for good! Mamma will scold—
For you're a big girl, four years old.

My blouse? Well, I don't care, so now!
I've got another, anyhow.
Here is my gun, all broken! Come.
Next time I'm going to leave you home.

SPANKUTY MAN.

G. ORR CLARK.

WHEN the Spanky Man comes there is trouble indeed,
For what does he do but politely proceed
To settle old scores and give folks what they need—
The funny old Spankuty Man.

Oh, the Spankuty Man is so very polite,
"It hurts him," he says, "more than you"—to be quite
Frank, you inwardly hope that it might—
The hateful old Spankuty Man.

When the Spanky Man comes there are wailings and tears,
But, of course, as he's "deaf to entreaty," my dears,
This ill-bred reception he never once hears—
The haughty old Spankuty Man!

When the Spanky Man comes he won't ring the bell;
He appears, and the maids with a leer run and tell,
And, of course, you can see that it's all very well
For the grim little Spankuty Man.

When the Spanky Man comes we run and we hide
Down in the cupboard, and breathe hard inside;
But he has sharp eyes, and we're always hi-spyed
By the wretched old Spankuty Man.

When the Spanky Man comes he is met with a yell—
I wish that he wouldn't remember so well!
When the Spanky Man comes we boys never tell—
Oh, the horrid old Spankuty Man!

WATCHING THE COOK.

LAURA SPENCER PORTOR.

IF I am good as good can be,
Then cook is very nice to me.
She lets me watch her while she makes
The dough for round ring-ginger cakes.
She rolls it very thin, and then
Rolls it this way and that again;
Then gives the cutter a quick twist,
This way and that way, with her wrist—
And all the little cakes fall down,
Floury and thin and round and brown.

Then, when the pans are filled in rows,
She takes them in her hands and goes
And puts them sidewise in the stove.
And I go too, for oh! I love
To stoop beside her, and to watch
Each time she puts in a new batch.
Then by and by, when our cook sees
That I don't mean to beg or tease,
Why then she'll cut me out a man
To bake in the last baking-pan.

HARDSHIPS OF A BOY.

I LIKE roast beef and lemonade,
And ham and gingerbread,
And apple-pie and pickles, just
Before I go to bed.

But ma she says it wouldn't do
To eat a single bite;
She says that little boys who eat
Such things would die at night.

I'd hate like anything to die,
Yet eating is such joy;
Between the two it's pretty hard
To be a little boy.

BOY'S GREAT SCHEMES.

TUDOR JENKS.

I'M going to write great poems some day,
Exactly when I will not say,
Just now some things are in the way;
I'll begin—well, a week from Tuesday.

There are pictures, too, I mean to paint;
My plans, as yet, are a little faint,
But my notions are really new and quaint,
As you'll see a week from Wednesday.

A drama great I have in mind,
As soon as I a plot can find,
Striking, original, refined,
Perhaps a week from Thursday.

I hope to form a stock concern,
Enormous dividends I'll earn,
Till coupon bonds I have "to burn,"
About a year from Friday.

Or, no—I'll just invent a toy,
Some simple gimcrack to give joy
To each enraptured girl or boy—
I'll work on that next Saturday.

I can't decide which scheme to choose,
Each idea seems too good to lose;
Meanwhile I'll take my Sunday snooze—
To-morrow's only Monday.

RATHER LONESOME WITHOUT MA.

LUCY L. MONTGOMERY.

TELL you what, when ma's away
We have jolly times, I say.
When we make a glorious noise,
There's no one to sing out "Boys,
Do be quiet!" And at night,
If we stay up late, all right.
We've a picnic every day
At our house when ma's away.

We don't have to any more
Scrape our boots clean at the door.
No one scolds us when we fight;
Faces washed or not, all right.
No one hollers us to stop
And pick up the things we drop.
In the alley we can play
With the Smith's when ma's away.

But somehow—I hardly know—
'Course it's fun as such things go,
Still, it kind of seems to me
Rather lonesome like, you see.
No one round to smile or sing,
Help a fellow do a thing,
'Splain the lessons every day,
Keep us straight—when ma's away.

No one here when things are blue,
Just to tell us what to do.
Cheer us up and make it right,
And talk serious like at night,
Hear our prayers and tip-toe round
Till we're sleeping, snug and sound.
Something's wrong, in word or play,
At our house, when ma's away.

CONTENTS OF A BOY'S POCKETS.

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

MY sister says, I always keep
A lot too many things
Stuffed in my pockets—but I have—
Just only two top strings.

[*Draws them out and lays them on table.*]

And—and—a handkerchief—and, oh,
I guess there must be two,
Or-r-r three, I think I'll have these washed
And start to-morrow new.

[*Takes out and opens one after the other, three grimy and wadded, but still unopened and unused handkerchiefs, and lays them on table.*]

And then my top—this is—why!
The butcher gave me that
The day I got the meat last week;
I'd just forgot it flat!

[*Takes out end of Bologna sausage, with look of pleased recognition. Bites it.*]

I carry this 'cause sister says
Boys should be clean and neat.
Dear me! my candy's stuck to it,
It won't be fit to eat!

[*Begins on another pocket and takes out comb, with molasses candy sticking to it.*]

Oh! here's my top—and marbles, too
(All boys have them, I s'pose),
And just one knife—I can't have less,
And—well—I don't need those.

Why! here's another handkerchief!
Perhaps my sister's right—

I'll empty every pocket clean
Before I sleep to-night!

[*Takes out and throws on floor wad after wad of crumpled paper, among which he finds another handkerchief which he picks up and spreads open.*]

YOUNG YANKEE DOODLE.

[Spoken by boy dressed as "Uncle Sam."]

I S'POSE you all know who I am,
I look so spick and spandy,—
But, if you don't, I tell you that
I'm Yankee Doodle Dandy!
Don't you think I'm quite a man?
I hold a first-class station;
Yankee Doodle is my name,
And America my nation.

You see the flag I'm holding up,
I find it very handy;
It tells the whole world that I am
Young Yankee Doodle Dandy.
Yankee Doodle—that's my name,
It suits me to a T, sirs,
My flag is red, and white, and blue,
It stands for liberty, sirs!

INTENDS TO BE POST-OFFICE MAN.

F. LOUISE WALWORTH.

HERE I am most four feet high,
I'm brimming full of fun,
I dance and whistle, laugh and sing,
And hop, and skip, and run.

I suppose I bother big folks some,
With all my fun and glee,
But then remember, gentle folks,
There is some work in me.

Five days each week I go to school,
I'm very busy there,
And then of chores and errands too,
I always have my share.

So please don't scold me when I play
Although I make some noise,
It's hard to be so full of fun,
And still be quiet boys.

I am a little boy you see,
I never spoke before,
But if you'll listen to me now
I'll tell you something more.

I'll tell you what I mean to be,
When I am grown a man,
I'll keep the store where letters come,
I'll be the post-office man.

WATERMELON.

STANLEY SCHELL.

[Action poem for boy holding large slice of watermelon.]

THIS watermelon's very fine,
Exactly to my taste.
But, oh, I hate to see the seeds
And outside go to waste.

You think it is too large for me!
Its size I do not mind;
When I have eaten all the rest
'Tis you may eat the rind.

I'LL NEVER USE TOBACCO.

I'LL never use tobacco, no;
It is a filthy weed;
I'll never put it in *my* mouth,
I never will, indeed.

Why, there was idle Jerry Jones,
As dirty as a pig,
Who smoked when only ten years old,
And thought it made him big.

He'd puff along the open street,
As if he had no shame;
He'd sit beside the tavern door,
And there he'd do the same.

He spent his time, and money too,
And made his mother sad;
She feared a worthless man would come
From such a worthless lad.

Oh, no, I'll never smoke nor chew;
'Tis very wrong, indeed;
It hurts the health, it makes bad breath,—
I never will, indeed.

RAINY DAY.

I'M tired of my picture-books,
I'm tired of my toys;
I want to go out in the yard
And make a great big noise.

I think if it must rain at all
It ought to rain at night,
But I can't make a rainy day
Seem altogether right.

It's well enough for little girls
To stay indoors all day.
There's many things a girl can do
A boy doesn't care to play.

I want to run, and jump, and shout,
I want to play high-spy;
But if I try it in the house
There'll be a great outcry!

No, I don't like a rainy day—
Though if you'll let me go
Out in the garden with the plants,
Perhaps 'twill make me grow.

MOTHER IS HER NAME.

M. E. H. EVERETT.

WHEN I am big, what do you think
I'll have the first thing then?
Now, if I give you guesses three,
You'll have to guess again.

Why, I shall have a splendid house—
All rich men do, I s'pose—
With carpets fine, and pictures, too,
And lots of things like those.

All in the very nicest room
I'll have the nicest chair,
And sitting in it, smiling sweet,
The nicest woman—there!

She's pretty; but it isn't that—
She is so good she'll shame
The bad right out of a fellow's heart,
And *mother* is her name!

BOY BABY'S PROTEST.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I WISH to thunder I could talk,
I'd tell my folks a thing or two.
If I could speak instead of squawk
I sort of think 'twould help us through.
They're all as blue as yonder sky,
And scratch their heads, and fret, and frown,
Because no matter how I try
I cannot keep my breakfast down.

They call the doctor in to see
What is the matter with the child,
And he just sits and stares at me
Until he fairly drives me wild.
He hems and haws and hums a tune,
He taps me on my chest and back,
And then he takes a tablespoon
And fills me up with ipecac.

He says my stomach's rather weak,
And calls for antiseptic food,
With name set forth in classic Greek
To show it comes already chewed.
There've been some seventeen or more
New baby-foods procured for me,
And not a one of all the store
Has solved the awful mystery.

I would to gracious I could get
A chance the trouble to explain.
It really makes me fume and fret
To find my efforts all in vain.
The trouble is that when I'm fed
My nurse, who's greener than a goose,
Doth rock me in my cradle-bed
Till I'm as seasick as the deuce!

BOY WITH THE PONY.

S. E. KISER.

MOST every day a little boy comes driving past our house
With the nicest little pony—just the color of a mouse—
And a groom rides close behind him, so he won't get hurt, you see,
And I used to wish the pony and the cart belonged to me.

I used to watch him from our porch and wish that I could own
His pony and his little cart, and drive out all alone;
And once when I knelt down at night I prayed the Lord that He
Would fix it so the pony and the cart belonged to me.

But yesterday I saw him where he lives, and now I know
Why he never goes out walking—because his legs are withered so!
And last night when I was kneeling with my head on mother's knee,
I was glad he had the pony and the cart instead of me.

SANTA CLAUS PROOF.

YES, sir, there is a Santa Claus,
I'm sure of it—I am, because
Last night, while I was sleeping, he
Got in my room some way and, say!
Just look at these tin soldiers that
He left for me. This baseball bat,
This football and this trumpet, too,
This coasting sled, all painted blue.
He filled my stocking to the brim,
You bet you, I believe in him.

If there's no Santa Claus, I ask
Who brought me this new baseball mask?
Who left this air-gun and this top,
And this patrol that doesn't stop
Until it's all run down, and who

Left me these skates and snare-drum, too?
Who gave me this fine train of cars?
Who left these chocolate cigars?
Who left this book called "Sink or Swim"?
You bet you, I believe in him.

You can't tell me my ma did this
Or grandma or my grown-up sis;
If grandma filled my stocking, she
Would put in woolen mitts for me,
And ma would give me things to wear,
And sis a comb to fix my hair;
If Santa Claus was really dad,
He'd want new shoes to make me glad;
But when such toys as these I get,
I b'lieve in Santa Claus, you bet!

SAYING GRACE.

LAURA F. ARMITAGE.

WHEN we're at grandpa's house to dine,
He looks about with sober face,
Then clasps his hands and shuts his eyes,
And sister says he's "saying grace."
He says big words that I don't know,—
I'm only four years old,—but then
I know two words he always says,
And one is "Thanks" and one "Amen."

While walking in my grandpa's woods,
We saw a squirrel, big and gray;
He held a nut between his paws,
But did not eat it right away.
He closed his little shining eyes,
His hands raised just like grandpa's. Then
I said, "O sister, keep real still,
He's saying 'Thanks' and then 'Amen.'"

CAPTAIN OF THE NINE.

J. WARREN MERRILL.

WE boys have got a baseball club.
We have the greatest fun!
You ought to see us pitch the ball,
And catch it, too, and run.
And when we hit it, how we cheer!
I guess you'd think 'twas fine!
We play in my back yard, so I
Am captain of the nine.

There's Charlie, he's the pitcher, 'cause
He's got a brother Ray,
Who plays at college on the team
(And once I saw him play).
One day he said, "Hello!" to me,
Just like a friend of mine.
I wonder if he knew that I
Was captain of our nine?

And John has got a catcher's mask
To cover up his face,
So he's the catcher of our team,
And Willie plays first-base
(He has a truly baseball glove,
And takes them "on the line"),
And Dick plays in the field with me—
The captain of the nine.

You see, there's really only five,
Although perhaps some day
We may elect some other boys
And show them how to play.
But now we only just play "scrub"
In that back yard of mine.
But when we have a truly team
I'm captain of the nine.

PUPS FOR SALE.

STANLEY SCHELL.

[Action poem for boy with basket of puppies on arm.]

PUPS for sale! Pups for sale!
Dandy Face and Stumpy Tail,
Seldom Bark and Never Bite,
Watching carefully at night.

Each will answer to his name,
Bill and Will and Sam and Mame;
They are of the purest breed,
Just the kind of dogs you need.

LEFT ALONE.

IT'S the lonesomest house you ever saw,
This big gray house where I stay,—
I don't call it living at all, at all,—
Since my mother went away.

Four long weeks ago, and it seems a year;
"Gone home," so the preacher said.
And I ache in my breast with wanting her,
And my eyes are always red.

I stay out-of-doors till I'm almost froze,
'Cause every corner and room
Seems empty enough to frighten a boy,
And filled to the doors with gloom.

I hate them to call me in to my meals;
Sometimes I think I can't bear
To swallow a mouthful of anything
And she not sitting up there

A-pouring the tea, and passing the things,
And laughing to see me take
Two big lumps of sugar instead of one,
And more than my share of cake.

There's no one to go to when things go wrong;
She was always so safe and sure.
Why, not a trouble could tackle a boy
That she couldn't up and cure.

I'm too big to be kissed, I used to say,
But somehow I don't feel right,
Crawling into bed as still as a mouse,—
Nobody saying good-night,

And tucking the clothes up under my chin,
And pushing my hair back, so;
Things a boy makes fun of before his chums,
But things that he likes, you know.

I can't make it out for the life of me
Why she should have to go
And her boy left here in this old gray house,
A-needing and wanting her so.

I tell you the very lonesomest thing
In this great big world to-day,
Is a boy of ten whose heart is broke
"Cause his mother is gone away.

PLEA FOR BOYS.

NOW, if any one has an easy time
In this world of push and pull,
It is not the boy of the family,
For his hands are always full.
I'd like to ask, who fills the stove?
Where is the girl who could?

Who brings in water, who lights the fire,
And splits the kindling wood?

And who is it that cleans the walks
After hours of snowing?
In summer who keeps down the weeds,
By diligently hoeing?
And who must harness the faithful horse
When the girls would ride about?
And who must clean the carriage off?
The boy, you'll own, no doubt.

And who does the many other things
Too numerous to mention?
The boy is the "general utility man,"
And really deserves a pension.
Friends, just praise the boy sometimes,
When he does his very best;
And don't always want the easy chair
When he's taking a little rest.

Don't let him always be the last
To see the new magazine;
And sometimes let the boy be heard,
As well as to be seen.
That boys are far from perfect
Is understood by all;
But they have hearts, remember,
For "men are boys grown tall."

And when a boy has been working
His level best for days,
It does him good, I tell you,
To have some hearty praise!
He is not merely a combination
Of muddy boots and noise,
And he likes to be looked upon
As one of the family joys.

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BEDTIME COMES TOO SOON.

BURGES JOHNSON.

LAST year my bedtime was at eight,
And every single night
I used to wish the clock would wait,
Or else stay out of sight.
It always seemed to me
The next half hour'd be
The nicest time of all the day
If mother would agree.
But she always shook her head,
And she sort of jumped and said,
"Why, it's late—after eight—
And it's time you were in bed!"

That clock would always do its best
To sit all quiet there,
Until I was my comfyest
In some big easy chair.
Then its striking would begin,
And I'd tell my motherkin
How I'd just begun a chapter, and
It was so int'resting—
And the end was just ahead;
But she usually said,
"No, it's late—after eight—
And it's time to go to bed."

And now my bedtime is half-past,
But yet that old clock does
The same mean trick—it's just as fast
Or faster than it was.
Last night it seemed to me
The next half hour'd be

The nicest time of all the day
If mother would agree.
But she smiled and shook her head,
And she kissed me while she said,
"Why, it's late—half-past eight—
And it's time you went to bed!"

DADDY'S SENTINEL.

MARY FARRAR.

WHEN daddy went away to fight
And kissed us all good-by,
He held me in his arms so tight
And told me not to cry.
"My gallant little Sentinel,"
He whispered, "you must be,
And you must guard dear mother well,
For daddy o'er the sea."

And so I take my sword and gun
And drill and march each day
Until the fighting all is done
And Sentinels can play;
And when dear mother's face looks sad
I tell her not to fear—
Though daddy's gone I know she's glad
His little Sentry's here!

And when I kneel to say my prayer
To God so good and kind—
"Please keep our soldier safe, and care
For those he left behind,"
I somehow think He hears and knows
While far across the foam,
Dear daddy fights his country's foes,
His boy's "on guard" at home!

BOY SO DIFFERENT FROM DADDY!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

MY daddy says that once he was
A little chap like me,
So why he says the things he does
I really cannot see.

He says he cannot understand
Why I so dote on noise
And like to play that I'm a band,
Deserting quiet toys.

He says he can't imagine why
I stand upon my head
Instead of on my dignity,
Like boys who're better bred.

He says he cannot comprehend
The reason why I can't,
When, up the stairs I mount, pretend
That I'm a human ant,

Instead of stamping on the stair
As though I thought that I
Were nothing but a lively pair
Of hippopotami.

From all of which I greatly fear
In days beyond recall,
My dear old daddy, it is clear,
Was not like me at all.

But like some other little chap,
Whose name I never heard,
Who likes to sit on some one's lap,
And never say a word.

OLD RED BARN.

LUCY L. MONTGOMERY.

THERE'S an old red barn at grandpa's, and I tell you it's the one
For the jolliest sorts of doings and the greatest place for fun!
We can shout and yell and tumble—just make a glorious noise,
And nobody will bother; grandpa says 'twas built for boys.
There's lofts and mows of meadow grass and clover-scented hay,
Where we can play we're Indians or pirates all the day,
And take a fort or sink a ship or make a robber's cave
Behind the stanchions where the cows are blinking wise and grave.
Then when the sun is low behind the fir-trees' crests,
And all the swallows overhead are sleeping in their nests,
We sit together on the hay and talk of what we'll be
When we're grown up, and all the deeds we'll do on land and sea.
Tom says he'll be a captain bold, and sail the ocean o'er;
Dick means to go to Africa, and all its wilds explore;
But I will be a soldier brave, and Christopher declares
That he will hunt for tigers and go shooting grizzly bears.
Then, when it gets too dark and still, we leave it for the light—
Though pirates are all right by day, they're not the thing by night!
The woods and ponds and shores and fields are jolly as can be,
But the old red barn at grandpa's is just the place for me.

MOOLY COW.

MOOLY COW, mooly cow, home from the wood,
They sent me to fetch you as fast as I could.
The sun has gone down; it is time to go home;
Mooly cow, mooly cow, why don't you come?
Your udders are full and the milkmaid is there,
And the children all waiting their supper to share.
I have let the long bars down,—why don't you pass through?
The mooly cow only says, "Moo-o-o!"

Mooly cow, mooly cow, whisking your tail,
The milkmaid is waiting, I say, with her pail;
She tucks up her petticoat, tidy and neat,
And places the three-legged stool for her seat.
What can you be staring at, mooly? You know
That we ought to have been home an hour ago.
How dark it is growing! Oh, what shall I do?
The mooly cow only says, "Moo-o-o."

"IF, WHEN I'M A BOY."

IF, when I'm a boy,
I am lazy and shirk
My work upon some one that's smaller,
The chances are good
I shall do the same thing
When I have grown older and taller.

If, when I'm a boy,
I am always behind,
And never make any advances,
When I am a man,
Some one else, and not I,
Will be sure to get all the best chances.

If I use, when a boy,
Cigarettes and talk slang,
Without either thinking or caring,
You will probably find me,
When I am a man,
Chewing navy tobacco and swearing.

If, when I'm a boy,
I drink cider and beer,
And persist, against reason and warning,
You may find me in rags,
And as drunk as a sot,
Fast asleep in the gutter some morning.

Now, that's not the kind
Of a man I would make;
The world has too many already;
So I will begin,
Right away, while a boy,
To be temperate, honest and steady.

OUR TEA-PARTY.

OCTAVIA EARLE.

MARTIN and I had a tea-party—
The nicest one ever we played.
We set the table with plum-jam tarts
And the loveliest lemonade.

The robins came and the orioles
And were not at all afraid,
For they perched in the branches right over our heads
And watched us while we played.

The skies were as blue as my Stellar's eyes
And the winds were soft and warm
When all at once—the funniest thing—
There came on a great snowstorm.

And the white flakes covered the plum-jam tarts
And fell in our lemonade tea—
You see, we had set the table so fine
Right under the cherry-tree.

SMALLEST GRADE.

IT is quite plain that I belong
To just the smallest grade;
But for all that, I'll let you know,
To speak I'm not afraid.

UNCLE SAM'S YOUNG ARMY.

LILLA THOMAS ELDER.

WE are Uncle Sam's young army,
And we're twenty million strong;
All together we are marching,
Marching, marching, right along!
Not one coward is among us,
Every heart is staunch and true;
And although we are but children,
Yet there's something we can do.
We can guard our country's colors,
Raise them high with cheer and song!
For we're Uncle Sam's young army,
And we're twenty million strong.

Well we know the splendid stories
Of the brave deeds of the past,
And our country we have promised
That such bravery shall last.
Loyal we will be and love her,
True in every word and deed,
That we may be worthy of her
When it comes our turn to lead.
Now we can but guard her colors,
Proud that to us they belong,
For we're Uncle Sam's young army,
And we're twenty million strong.

And although no smoke of battle
Shadows our dear land to-day,
Still we little color-bearers
With the flag can light the way.
See how glad are all to cheer it!
Praises come from every mouth.

One great nation kneels to bless it,
East and west and north and south,
All together we are marching,
Marching, marching right along—
For we're Uncle Sam's young army,
And we're twenty million strong.

LITTLE CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

I'M a happy little Scientist;
The lady told me so;
There's no such thing as suffering—
And, course, she ought to know;
I can throw stones at the robins,
I can cut off Rover's tail;
You see 'twon't be my error
If the wicked creatures wail.

Oh, I love to be a Scientist;
I think the Truth is fine;
There's no such thing as hurting folks,—
They're sinful if they whine;
I can punch my little sister;
And, if she starts to bawl,
I'll tell her, "Don't be thoughtless,
For there are no aches at all."

It is good to be a Scientist;
I'm glad I'm one, you bet;
And when a snowstorm comes along,
Then I'll be gladder yet;
I'll plunk balls at that lady,
Just as hard as I can throw;
But she won't feel them hit her,
For she's conquered pain, you know.

SWINGING UNDER THE APPLE TREES.

RACHEL LEWIS DITHRIDGE.

BACKWARD and forward under the trees,
Kissed by the sun and fanned by the breeze,
Who is so happy as Alice and I
Merrily swinging!
Swing, swing, let the laugh ring
Under the apple trees.

Up and still upward toward the blue sky,
Down and far downward, Alice and I,
Through the sweet air of the bright summer's day,
Madly we're swinging!
Swing, swing like a bird on the wing
Under the apple trees.

Hill and valley and sparkling river,
Birds and butterflies, grasses and clover
Fill two young hearts with a sweet content,
Lazily swinging!
Swing, swing, let the song ring
Under the apple trees!

Down the meadow path close by the gate
The butter-nut's shadow tells us 'tis late;
But the long June day reluctantly goes—
Slowly we're swinging!
Swing, swing, softly we sing
Under the apple trees.

The sun is caressing Alice's hair
Ere he sinks from sight. And the quiet air
Brings mother's call from the cottage door,
Ending our swinging.
Swing, swing, hushed the laugh's ring
Under the apple trees!

WHEN GRANDMA COMES TO OUR HOUSE.

S. E. KISER.

WHEN grandma comes to our house
I'm always very glad,
Because she always takes my part
When I've done something bad—
She asks my papa please to not
Begin and punish me,
And then she shames him when she says
How bad he used to be.

When I was sliding yesterday
And tore my trousers so,
She said, "Now, James, don't whip him, for
You did those things, you know."
And then he sneaked away, upstairs,
And grandma looked at me
And said I'm just the kind of boy
My papa used to be.

And, one day, when I ran away
And stayed till nearly night,
And then came home without my hat,
And was a dreadful sight,
My papa stormed, and I'm afraid
That he would have punished me
If grandma hadn't told him then
How bad he used to be.

I'm very glad when grandma comes,
I wish she'd always stay,
'Cause that's the time that I don't get
A whipping every day.
And there's a look in papa's face
That's very nice to see
When grandma says I'm just the kind
Of boy he used to be.

WHEN I GROW UP.

WHEN I grow up like brother Tom
I want to be a man,—
Have gold and silver round the house
In ev'ry dish and pan,
And have a little wooden horse,
That I can ride to town
Who'll never bite me when I'm cross,
Nor throw me on the ground.

And yes,—I want a dolly, too,—
Made of wax and straw,
Who, when I pull her yellow hair
Will only laugh, "ha! ha!"
I think with all these pretty things
I'll be quite satisfied,
If mamma will give me a kiss
When off to town I ride.

FUN ON GRANDPA'S FARM.

OH, don't you know the fun on grandpa's farm!
For grandpa says, "Let them; it isn't any harm;"
And Cousin Rob leads us, and cries, "Here goes!"
And mamma—she just says, "Such clothes!"

We've a Crusoe's island and robbers' cave,
And Tower of London, and don't you know
When one of us wants to let on he's brave
He crawls under the sawmill, scared and slow?

Oh, you don't know half the fun out there!
For grandpa he never tells us, "Take care!"
And Cousin Rob laughs, and says to "carouse,"
And mamma, you see, is off in the house.

We fish in the brooks and play in the sands,
And try to catch tadpoles out of the springs;
We hide in the bushes like Indian bands,
And fight with hornets and get their stings.

Oh, there's plenty of fun on grandpa's place;
For grandpa—he says, "Now scoot on a race!"
And Cousin Rob grins and says, "There she blows!"
And mamma she only just says, "Such clothes!"

THREATENS SANTA CLAUS.

I DON'T believe in Santa Claus,
He's just a myth;
I know it, because I heard he was
From Charley Smith;
But if he wants to come around
And fill my stockings, Christmas Eve,
I won't let on that I have found
Out how he's trying to deceive.

I want a magic lantern show,
And Noah's ark,
And one of these bull's-eyes, you know,
For when it's dark;
I want some soldiers and a train
That runs like sixty on a track;
My stockings will be hung in plain
Sight in the spare room on the rack.

I know there is no Santa Claus,
He can't fool me:
Nor reindeers that can fly, because
How could there be?
And if he doesn't come around and fill
My stockings full on Christmas Eve
I'll tell all that I know until
There won't be any boys that believe.

RAINY-DAY FRIENDS.

ONE lonesome day I felt so bad,
Because it rained, you see;
I couldn't go to see my friends,
Nor could they come to me.
Then mamma said, "I'll make some friends
With whom you'll like to play;"
And so she folded paper up
A sort of fanlike way.

She snipped and snipped with scissors—then
The paper opened wide,
And such a lot of little boys
Before me then I spied!
They all took hold of hands, like this,
Just so they wouldn't fall,
And I made noses, eyes and mouths
(With pencil) for them all.

I gave them names, and set them in
A row on my footstool;
I played they were my company,
My brothers, and my school.
I took them boating in a pan,
And riding on the train;
We "Ring Round Rosy" played a while,
And—I forgot the rain.

We "snapped the whip" and skipped the rope,
And played menagerie,
And mamma gave us pop-corn balls
And frosted cake and tea.
Oh, dear! 'twas such a lovely time—
The hours just flew away!
I really hope 'fore long we'll have
Another rainy day.

GRANDFATHER SHOWS THE SPIRIT OF '76.

GRANDFATHER is feeble and walks with a cane,
And last Fourth of July he sat groaning with pain;
And you never would think he had fought in the war,
When he asked what we wanted those firecrackers for;
But mother remembers when grandpa returned
From the war with a medal his gallantry earned,
And it hangs with his musket and sword on the wall,
With the star-spangled banner draped over them all;
And the neighbors call grandpa "the Major," since he
Fought so bravely to make this "the land of the free."

But grandfather fretted that Fourth of July,
And declared with a groan that he didn't see why
This particular day two such sensible boys
Should want to be making a deafening noise;
And as for his part, he expected to choke
With the horrible smell of the powder and smoke.
And if we persisted 'twould cause no surprise
If we shot off our fingers or put out our eyes;
And he ended by saying he didn't see why
Boys should make such a fuss about Fourth of July.

But mother she smiled as she patted his head;
"You and I will escape all the tumult," she said;
"We'll go to the orchard and sit 'neath the trees
And list to the music of birds and the bees;
You shall tell me a story of days long gone by,
And we will forget it is Fourth of July."

But grandfather watched us prepare for the fun,
With our crackers and matches and little toy gun;
And he laughed as he saw us start off with our train,
And bade us take care of the wounded and slain;

Then, when Tom fired a cracker and I gave a shout,
With the first smell of powder came grandfather out;
And the way that he marched up and down made it plain
That "the Major" was fighting his battles again.

"Hurrah! lads," he cried, as he joined in the sport,
"Reinforcements have come, don't surrender the fort—"
Touched a match to our crackers and fired the whole lot,
Then asked us, "Is this all the powder you've got?
Right about! Forward! March! Get more, double quick!"
Was the Major's command as he flourished his stick;
"And I'll show you," he said, with a flash of the eye,
"How to properly celebrate Fourth of July!"

WAS PA EVER A BOY?

GEORGIANA BILLINGS.

WHEN papa was a little boy
You really couldn't find
In all of the United States
A child so quick to mind.
His mother never called but once,
And pa was always there;
He never made the baby cry,
Or pulled his sister's hair.

He never slid down banisters,
Or made the slightest noise;
And never in his life was known
To fight with other boys.
He always studied hard at school,
And got his lessons right;
And chopping wood and milking cows
Were papa's chief delight.

He always rose at six o'clock
And went to bed at eight,
And never lay abed till noon
And never sat up late.
He finished Latin, French and Greek
When he was ten years old,
And knew the Spanish alphabet
As soon as he was told.

He never grumbled when he had
To do the evening chores,
And ne'er in all his life forgot
To shut the stable doors.
He never thought of play
Until his work was done,
He labored hard from break of day
Until the set of sun.

He never scraped his muddy shoes
Upon the parlor floor,
And never answered back his ma,
And never banged the door.
But truly, I could never see—
As you all will agree—
How he could never do these things,
And really be a boy.

MEASURING A GRIN.

SISTER measured my grin one day;
Took the ruler and me;
Counted the inches all the way—
One and two and three.

"Oh, you're a Cheshire cat," said she.
Father said: "That's no sin."
Then he nodded and smiled at me—
Smiled at my three-inch grin.

Brother suggested I ought to begin
Trying to trim it down.
Mother said: "Better a three-inch grin
Than a little half-inch frown."

WHERE YE SPANKWEED GROWS.

PAUL WEST.

THERE'S a corner in our garden, but my nurse won't tell me where,
That little boys must never see, but always must beware.
And in that corner, all the year, in rows, and rows and rows,
A dreadful little flower
Called the
Spankweed
Grows!

My nurse says if a little boy who doesn't wash his face,
Or pulls his little sister's hair, should ever find that place,
The spankweed just would jump at him and dust his little clothes,
Oh, it's never safe for fellows
Where the
Spankweed
Grows!

Some day I'll get the sickle from our hired man, and then
I'll go and find that spankweed place—it's somewhere in the glen,
And when I get a-swinging it and putting in my blows,
I bet there'll be excitement
Where the
Spankweed
Grows!

UNAPPRECIATED METHODISM.

ALLEN TOLAND CRISS.

MY papa is a preacher,
And he's a Methodist, too;
I think they are the nicest folks
That ever lived—don't you?

One day when pa was preaching
He said he thought 'twas right,
If folks felt very happy,
To shout with all their might.

He said he was a Methodist,
And liked the Methodist way
Of shouting when you're happy,
And when you want to, pray.

I was very glad he said it,
And I listened through and through,
For sometimes I'm so happy,
I don't know what to do.

And so last Sunday morning
When papa said, "Let's pray,"
I knelt down by my mamma—
I always do that way.

But I felt so very funny
I thought I'd like to shout,
So when mamma wasn't looking,
I peeped all round about,

And then I crawled quite softly
Up behind Uncle Ben,
And put my mouth close to his ear,
And shouted out, "Amen!"

I thought I'd make him halloo,
So I made an awful noise;
'Cause he said that preachers' children
Were the very worst of boys.

The folks all got to laughing
When they saw old Uncle Ben;
He reached around to grab me,
But he didn't catch me then.

I didn't stay to preaching,
For mamma took me out,
And said I was "quite naughty,"
'Cause I gave that little shout.

So she put me in the closet,
And kept me there all day;
I didn't think 'twas very nice
If 'twas the Methodist way.

But I guess I learned a lesson
That would suit all little boys;
When you go to Methodist meeting,
Be sure don't make a noise.

WISH-BONE AND A WAITER.

THEY say that boys are horrid things,
And don't know how to act;
They're nothing, though, to grown-up girls—
I tell you it's a fact.
I saw, myself, the whole affair
And watched the fun begin.
'Twas Sue that laid the spiteful plot,
To take Amelia in.

At dinner Amelia twitted Sue
About a beau she'd lost,
And though Sue kept a smiling face
I saw how much it cost;
I knew that something had to come.
Boys like an honest fight,
But girls will smile and kiss, and then
Do something mean for spite.

"Just put the wish-bone, dear," said Sue,
"Above the parlor door;
Your husband he the first will be
Who steps the threshold o'er."
She helped Amelia mount the chair
(I watched it with a grin),
Then beckoned with her finger-tips,
And called the waiter in!

SINCE SISTER'S GOT A BEAU.

THERE'S quite a change around at home, and all is now serene
Where once upon a time war raged and troubles I had seen.
The reason this is brought about to you I mean to show,—
It's all because a man comes here, and he is sister's beau.

I don't know how she captured him, but he comes here just the same.
And for fear that he will stay away I will not give his name.
But I only hope he'll always come; I really love him so,
For everything is now so nice since sister's got a beau.

I can spin my top in the parlor and generally have my way.
Yesterday a boy cut loose my kite, and sis bought one to-day.
She also gave me marbles and took me to a show.
I feel so happy now to say that sister's got a beau.

The roosters and the chickens all seem to be so proud,
And the cats upon the back yard fence at night sing extra loud;
The birds up in the tree tops their happiness do show,
And this has all been brought about since sister's got a beau.

I hope some one will make him come; I only wish I could.
Yes, there's two bits a week I get for keeping ma in wood.
I'll give this money to this man—sis calls him Mr. Joe—
Because I'm having too good a time for sis to lose that beau.

MAMMA GETS A HINT.

CAROLINE McCORMICK.

IF I were you, and you were I,
Mamma,
You'd be allowed the crust of pie,
Mamma,
And sugar, too. And if high-spy
You liked to play, or kites to fly,
I'd like them, or at least I'd try;
And lessons should be by-and-by.
I'm sure you wouldn't even cry
If I were you and you were I,
Mamma.

If you were I and I were you,
Mamma,
I'd ask you what you wished to do,
Mamma;
And if your game was not quite through
When bedtime came—indeed it's true—
I'd let you wait. Each day a few
Nice toys I'd give you, bright and new.
I think you'd think it pleasant, too,
If you were I and I were you,
Mamma.

GETTING INFORMATION OUT OF PA.

MY pa, he didn't go to town
Last evening after tea,
But got a book and settled down
As comf'y as could be.
I'll tell you I was very glad
To have my pa about
To answer all the things I had
Been trying to find out.

And so I asked him why the world
Is round, instead of square,
And why the piggies' tails are curled,
And why don't fish breathe air?
And why the moon doesn't hit a star
And why the dark is black,
And just how many birds there are,
And will the wind come back?

And why does water stay in wells,
And why do June bugs hum,
And what's the roar I hear in shells,
And when will Christmas come?
And why the grass is always green,
Instead of sometimes blue,
And why a bean will grow a bean,
And not an apple, too?

And why a horse can't learn to moo,
And why a cow can't neigh?
And do the fairies live on dew,
And what makes hair grow gray—
And then my pa got up, and say,
The wicked words he said,
I hadn't done a thing, but he
Just sent me off to bed.

THANKSGIVING.

EMMA C. DOWD.

OH, Valentine Day is well enough,
And Fourth of July is jolly,
And Christmas time is beautiful,
With its gifts of wreaths of holly.

New Year's calling is rather nice,
And Hallowe'en sports are funny,
And a May-day party isn't bad,
When the weather is warm and sunny.

Oh, all of them are well enough;
But the day that is best worth living
Is when we all go to grandmamma's
To a splendid big Thanksgiving.

FUSSING PLACE.

ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH.

I HAVE to go to the Fussing-Place
When I'm very bad,
And mother has such a sorry face,
And her eyes look sad.
But she says, in just the firmest tone,
"The boy that fusses must stay alone,"
When I have been bad.

At first I pretend I do not care,
And I hum a tune,
And walk off quick with my head in the air.
But pretty soon
I begin to hate the Fussing-Place,
And to be there seems a great disgrace,
So I stop my tune.

And then I think of mother's eyes
With that sorry look,
And soon I think it is time to surprise
Her over her book,
So I hunt up a smile, and put it on
(For I can't come out till the frowns are gone),
How happy she'll look!

The Fussing-Place? Oh, it's where you're sent
When you're naughty and mean,
And there you must stay till you're good again,
And fit to be seen.
It's up in the attic, or under the stairs,
Or seated on one of the kitchen-chairs,
And, oh, you feel mean!

But it doesn't matter much where it is—
This old Fussing-Place;
For the very spot that seems so bad
When you're in disgrace,
Is nice enough when you're loving and true,
So it's not where you are, but how you do,
That makes it a "Fussing-Place!"

WHY WAS HE ILL?

I AM not feeling well to-day,
But why I cannot see.
I had some ice-cream across the way.
And pancakes home for tea.

I also had some caramels,
And sugared almonds, too;
And when I met with Tommy Wells,
A stick of fine tulu.

But I was careful with each one,
Too much of none I ate—
It cannot be that penny bun,
And yet the pain is great.

I had six cookies, but I've had
Six cookies oft before;
They've never left me feeling bad,
Nor pickles—three or more.

The soda-water couldn't make
Me ill—'twas Billie's treat;
I sort of think this fearful ache
Comes wholly from the heat.

IS THERE MORE THAN ONE ST. NICK?

I WANT to know—now please don't smile—
If there's only one St. Nick?
Or if there's a Santa to ev'ry mile,
Or hundreds from which to pick?

For if he's only one great man
How can he reach us all?
I don't believe his highness can
On all this big world call.

'Twould take him months, I do believe,
And yet in ev'ry house
He leaves his gifts on Christmas Eve,
As quiet as a mouse.

So if among my kind friends here,
There's one who'll ease my mind
By making plain these things so queer
I'll think it very kind.

REAL "NEW" WOMAN.

CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN.

A REAL "new" woman's come to us;
But what I can't make out
Is what the folks, and papers, too,
Make such a fuss about!

She's not more loud than other folks,
About her age and size,
And doesn't seem to want to vote,
Nor try to say things wise.

She doesn't even ride a wheel,
Nor talk about her sphere;
Her clothes are just like other girls',
Not mannish, short, nor queer.

She wears no specs upon her nose,
Nor seems to like latchkeys;
But stays at home like other folks,
Just made to hug and squeeze.

My ma and pa, they love her, too,
Although they hate what's bold;
Yet she's a brand "new" woman," sure,
'Cause she's but six days old!

WHY SPECTACLES DON'T FIT.

ALWIN WEST.

I'VE wondered why the spectacles that help grandpa to read
Should make things, when I put them on, look very queer indeed
Good reason why his spectacles for me will never do,
For, don't you see, my eyes are brown, while grandpapa's are blue!

DAYTIME NAPS.

BURGES JOHNSON.

MY mother thinks that little chaps
Who play a lot, need daytime naps;
Though I've explained, with all my might,
That I can't sleep except at night.

But sometimes, when I've played a lot,
I'd just as soon go in as not;
It gives her quite a nice surprise
When I lie down and shut my eyes.

I couldn't get to sleep, I know;
But for a little while or so
I get to seeing on the wall
Queer pictures that aren't there at all.

One time a camel stuck his head
Right close up to me on the bed,
And animals I'd seen that day
Up at the zoo, they came to play.

And once I thought of curious things
That I could do if I had wings.
But all the nicest parts of it
I can't remember now a bit!

I think so hard of things I'd do,
I feel all stretchy when I'm through,
And then I look and find it's been
More'n an hour since I came in.

It's nice to lie and think, perhaps—
But just the same I can't take naps!
(And mother says she sees it's true,
But thanks me just for trying to.)

FRIGHTENED.

HELEN LEAH REED.

TO-DAY I had the awfulest time,
Dear mother, in the wood.
That hill out there we were to climb,
And we'd been very good.
But nurse was walking up the hill,
When little Anne and I,
We had to stop and stand quite still,
And Anne began to cry.

For something moved behind the trees,
We felt so all alone—
Said I to Anne, "Stop crying, please,
I'll hit it with a stone."
Cried Anne, "Oh, listen, hear it growl."
Said I, "I'm not afraid
Of bears or lions." "Now, don't scowl.
"You look so cross," she said.
So then I had to smile and smile, for Anne
was crying all the while.
And if we didn't *hear* a bear I'm sure, dear
mother, one was there.

Boys always must take care of girls,
You see you've told me so.
That's why I tried to pat Anne's curls,
And walked with her real slow.
But when we heard nurse calling out,
"Come, children, come along!"
"Come, nurse," you should have heard me shout—
Anne says my voice is strong.
"Run, Anne," I cried, "I'm almost five, and I'll
kill any bear alive."
And if we didn't *see* a bear, I truly think that one
was there.

How glad I was when nurse turned 'round,
For everything seemed queer.
The trees looked strange, and then that sound
We didn't like to hear.
Nurse laughed when we had told her all
About the bear we saw.
"I came as quick's I heard you call,
And it's against the law
For bears to live where people stay. They are
five hundred miles away."
But if we didn't *meet* a bear, I'm sure that *almost*
one was there.

DOG THAT NEVER HAD A CHANCE.

MYRTLE B. CARPENTER.

I'VE got a little yellow dog, just common dog, you know,
Who isn't much to look at, as far as his looks go,
He hasn't any pedigree his value to enhance,
He's never done a noble deed—he's never had a chance.

Oh, yes, I've seen the circus dogs go through their repertoire,
I've seen them do a dozen things or maybe it was more;
I've seen them hurdle, climb and jump, I've even seen them dance;
My dog, he never does these things—he's never had a chance.

My father says that Collie dogs are good to mind the sheep,
That they will guard them carefully, the while their shepherds
sleep.
We haven't any sheep or lambs; you see, then, at a glance,
That my dog cannot mind the sheep—he's never had a chance.

I've read of dogs of St. Bernard, how they are trained to go
To save the lives of travelers that get lost in the snow.
My dog, he never has done that, but everybody grants,
As no one ever here gets lost—he's never had a chance.

My dog is like some men I've seen, who're just the common kind,
They always do the best they can with what they have in mind.
They never win great fame, you know, and that's the circumstance,
They don't achieve great things because, they never have a chance.

TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS WISH.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

I WISH that good old Santa
Would travel like a show,
And to his tent of playthings
For nothing let me go;
And take along my stockings,
To fill in laughing glee
With all the things he fondly
Hangs on the Christmas tree.

I'd see the pasteboard camel
Wink at the kangaroo;
I'd see the china wombat
And quagga chase the gnu;
I'd see the rubber ostrich
Serenely wink his eye
To see the monkey capture
The peanut on the fly.

And when I'd see old Santa
With all his books of rhymes;
I'd grab him by the whiskers
And kiss him fifty times,
And on his back go riding
Beneath the fairy dome,
And with a lot of playthings
Go running gaily home.

'Tis then I think old Santa
Should up and go away,
And in some other village
Put up his tent next day;
And then go on still further,
And further still and still,
To let all lovely children
Their great big stockings fill.

'Twould then be always Christmas,
All musical with joy,
And bending tree and turkey
And hobby-horse and toy;
For while upon his travels
Old Santa'd scatter cheer,
He'd make a Christmas somewhere
Each day throughout the year.

FELLOW WHO IS GAME.

SOME of the boys in our school,
Whose elbows I can't reach,
Are ten times more ashamed than I
To rise and make a speech.

I guess they are afraid some girl
Who is about their age,
May laugh and criticise their looks
When they come on the stage.

They do not know the girls all like
A fellow who is game;
And do despise a boy who shows
That he is dull and tame.

HOW WE CELEBRATED.

ZITELLA COCKE.

THE Fourth in all its glory came
Oh! how we watched the date—
With only brother Tom and me
At home to celebrate.
And Tom had not a single cent,
And not a cent had I,
And celebration costs somewhat
The Fourth Day of July!

So Tom put on his thinking-cap
And found the jolliest way,
Without a nickel or a cent,
To celebrate the day.
Of chairs we built a Bunker Hill
Which reached out to the street,
And bushes in the garden near
We called the British Fleet.

The back piazza then we named
The Bridge of Lexington,
Where we paraded with our swords
To show a victory won.
We marched about with fife and drum,
And when the sun went down
Tom said: "We'll have surrender now
As 'twas in old Yorktown.

"And you shall be Lord Cornwallis
And I'll be Washington."
I always let Tom have his way
For he's the elder son.
But, oh, we had a jolly time
Until the day was spent.
A glorious celebration, too,
Which did not cost a cent.

GRANDMA'S BERRY-PIE.

CLARA LOUISE ANGEL.

I LIKE to go to grandma's when vacation days come round,
She lets me play out in the hay and roll upon the ground;
She's good to little boys like me and gives them lots to eat,
And says she doesn't mind it if a fellow's tooth *is* sweet.
Her things are always "homemade," and they're better than you buy.
You ought to taste, for instance, some of grandma's berry-pie.

She keeps it in the pantry, 'way up on the second shelf,
And when you're good she tells you you can go and help yourself;
I climb up on the barrel and cut a great big slice,
And when the red juice oozes out, my! doesn't it look nice?
I try to mind my p's and q's as grandma says I should.
If your reward is berry-pie it pays you to be good.

Some days I go a-fishing in MacMurry's pool for pike.
And grandma fills my dinner-pail with things she knows I like;
I bait my hook and throw it in and watch, till by and by
I seem to grow real hungry for a piece of berry-pie,
And as I sit upon the bank and wait and wait and wait,
I wonder if the fish would bite with grandma's pie for bait.

NOTHING TO DO.

I HAVE sailed my boat and spun by top,
And handled my last new ball;
I trundled my hoop till I had to stop,
And I swung till I got a fall.
I tumbled my books all out of the shelves,
And hunted the pictures through,
I've flung them where they may sort themselves,
And now, I have nothing to do.

The Tower of Babel I built of blocks
Came down with a crash to the floor;
My train of cars ran over the rocks,
I'll warrant they'll run no more;
I have raced with Grip till I'm out of breath;
My slate is broken in two,
So I can't draw monkeys—I'm tired to death
Because I have nothing to do.

I wish I were poor Jim Foster's son,
For he seems so happy and gay,
When his wood is chopped and his work all done,
With his little half hour of play.
He neither has books, nor top nor ball,
Yet he's singing the whole day through;
But then he is never tired at all,
Because he has nothing to do.

BAD BOY.

I HAVEN'T washed my face, oh, ho!
I haven't brushed my hair,
I haven't changed my boots, you know,
Because I didn't care.

I'm going down to have my tea,
Where all the ladies are;
And won't they point and stare at me
And frown at dear mamma?

And all the men will nudge and chaff,
But I don't care, hurray,—
For let them joke and let them laugh!
I'll not be kissed to-day!

WHEN FATHER SHAVES HIS FACE.

JOE CONE.

WHEN father shaves his stubbly face
At nine on Sunday morn,
There always steals upon the place
A feeling of forlorn.
An awful silence settles down
On all the human race;
It's like a funeral in town
When father shaves his face.

He gets his razor from the shelf
And strops it up and down;
And mutters wildly to himself
And throws us all a frown.
We dare not look to left or right,
Or breathe in any case;
E'en mother has to tiptoe quite
When father shaves his face.

He plasters lather everywhere,
And spots the window-pane;
But mother says she doesn't care,
She'll clean it off again.
She tries to please him all she can,
To save us from disgrace;
For he's an awful nervous man
When father shaves his face.

We try to sit like mummies there,
And live the ordeal through;
And hear that razor rip and tear,
And likewise father, too.
And if it slips and cuts his chin,
We jump and quit the place;
No power on earth can keep us in
If father cuts his face.

"I AM AN AMERICAN."

I AM an American!
And when I am a man,
I expect to be a soldier bold,
With a musket for to hold.

I would fight for my country's cause,
And never would I pause
In all the battle's strife,
No, not even for my life!

I love the land of the free,
And I need never flee
From the wrath of any king.
So I will the praise of America sing.

Oh! do you remember the act on tea!
And the soldiers who dumped it in the sea?
Hurrah! for General Washington
Who drove the British from Boston!

And didn't the English General Gage
Burst forth into terrible rage
Because the English ships
Were burned to their very tips!

And didn't the English at Yorktown heights,
Do their best to destroy us in the fight?
And didn't we turn the tables then
And prove that we were Americans?

And Americans we became that day,
Americans forever and alway.
We'll sing these words in ev'ry land,
"I am an American."

MOTHER'S ROOM.

I'M really sorry for poor Jack Roe;
He's the boy that lives with his aunt, you know,
And he says his house is filled with gloom
Because it has got no "mother's room."
I tell you what, it is fine enough
To talk of "boudoirs" and such fancy stuff,
But the room of rooms that seems best to me,
The room where I'd always rather be,
Is mother's room, where a fellow can rest
And talk of the things his heart loves best.

What if I do get dirt about
And sometimes startle my aunt with a shout?
It is mother's room, and if she doesn't mind
To the hints of others I'm always blind.
Maybe I lose my things—what then?
In mother's room I find them again.
And I never deny that I litter the floor
With marbles and tops and many things more.

But I tell you for boys with a tired head
It is jolly to rest it on mother's bed.
Now, poor Jack Roe, when he visits me,
I take him to mother's room, you see,
Because it is the nicest place to go
When a fellow's spirits are getting low;
And mother, she's always kind and sweet,
And there's always a smile poor Jack to greet,
And somehow the sunbeams seem to glow
More brightly in mother's room, I know,
Than anywhere else, and you'd never find gloom
Or any old shadow in mother's room.

FATHER FOR THEORY, MA FOR ACTION.

MY father knows the proper way
The nation should be run;
He tells us children every day
Just what should now be done.
He knows the way to fix the trusts,
He has a simple plan;
But if the furnace needs repairs,
We have to hire a man.

My father, in a day or two,
Could land big thieves in jail;
There's nothing that he cannot do,
He knows no word like "fail."
"Our confidence" he could restore,
Of that there is no doubt:
But if there is a chair to mend,
We have to send it out.

All public questions that arise
He settles on the spot;
He waits not till the tumult dies,
But grabs it while it's hot.
In matters of finance he can
Tell Congress what to do;
But, oh, he finds it hard to meet
His bills as they fall due.

It almost makes him sick to read
The things lawmakers say;
Why, father's just the man they need,
He never goes astray.
All wars he'd very quickly end,
As fast as I can write it;
But when a neighbor starts a fuss,
'Tis mother has to fight it.

In conversation father can
Do many wondrous things;
He's built upon a wiser plan
Than presidents or kings.
He knows the ins and outs of each
And every deep transaction;
We look to him for theories,
But look to ma for action.

OLD HEADS DON'T FIT YOUNG SHOULDERS.

I HEARD dear granny say to-day
What sounded very queer:
"We must not try to put old heads
Upon young shoulders, dear!"

It was to mother that she spoke
In such a funny way,
And mother only sighed and smiled,
And bade me run and play!

But when I came to think of it,
I thought how very strange
We children all of us would look
If we could make that change.

Suppose I had dear granny's head,
Her cap and soft white hair,
Upon my shoulders fixed—my word,
How all the folks would stare!

I almost think 'twould even be
Yet still more queerly mixed
If granny had my curly pate
Upon her shoulders fixed!

How funny both of us would look!
We shouldn't like it, though;
And so I'm glad they can't attempt
To make the change, you know!

MY UNCLE PETER.

EMMA A. OPPER.

MY old Uncle Peter's a famous relater
Of marvelous stories; but my Uncle Peter
Is a vigorous foe and a rigorous hater
Of wile and of guile; he despises a cheater;
He's frank and sincere on a very large scale,
And this is his manner of telling a tale:

"Oh, once in the chivalric days of old,
In the wonderful long ago,
There dwelt a giant full bad and bold
(But this is not fact, you know)—
In whose darksome dungeon a maiden fair,
Whom atrociously he had stole;
She languished and wept (to be candid, there
Was no such a girl, nor hole).

"But, lo! on a rapturous morn there rode
A valorous knight that way;
His snowy palfrey he brave bestrode
(Don't credit this fiction, pray),
And straight he sprang from the noble steed;
His sword it gleamed in the sun,
And the dragon that guarded the gate (a deed
Which he could by no means have done),

"He felled at a blow, and with mighty force
He battered the dungeon wall,
And he seized the sorrowing maid!—(of course,
It never transpired at all)—
And he slew the giant, the dauntless youth,
And the beauteous maid he wed—
(But you mustn't imagine a grain of truth
In a single word that I've said)."

Oh, my old Uncle Peter's a famous relater!
But I wish, goodness me! that my old Uncle Peter
Could be rather more of a prevaricator—
His stories would be more absorbing, and neater;
I wish his integrity didn't prevail
In so stern a degree—when he's telling a tale.

MAMMA'S KISSES.

A KISS when I wake in the morning,
A kiss when I go to bed,
A kiss when I burn my finger,
A kiss when I bump my head;

A kiss when my bath is over,
A kiss when my bath begins;
My mamma's as full of kisses—
As full as nurse is, of pins.

A kiss when I play with my rattle,
A kiss when I pull her hair;
She covered me over with kisses
The day that I fell on the stair.

A kiss when I give her trouble,
A kiss when I give her joy;
There's nothing like mamma's kisses
To her own little baby boy.

BED-TIME PHILOSOPHER.

I'VE often thought when I've been told
To put away my toys
And go to bed at eight o'clock,
That other little boys
Besides me are being sent up-stairs
At just that very minute.
Bed-time is nicer when you think
There are other fellows in it.

BEGIN YOUR REFORM TO-DAY.

WHEN I am a man, I'll not worry and scold,
Or growl at the weather if too hot or cold;
I'll not use tobacco, nor drink wine or beer,
And of everything bad I'll be sure to keep clear.
I'll try for the good of others to plan,
And be a brave soldier, when I am a man.

When I am a man, I'll let little boys
Have fun, if they do make plenty of noise;
I'll feed the beggars who stop at my door,
And give of my wealth to the ailing and poor;
I'll strive to be honest, and do what I can
To make the world better, when I am a man.

Grandma said, "Why wait till you're grown? Right away
Commence your reform. Begin with to-day;
You may never be old, nor rich, nor yet great.
And many a blessing you'll lose while you wait.
Strive to be and to do the best that you can,
And life will be sweeter when you are a man."

SICK-BED PROMISES.

AUGUSTA KORTRECHT.

ONCE when I was very sick,
And doctor thought I'd die,
And mother couldn't smile at me
But it just turned to cry,
That was the time for promises;
You should have heard them tell
The lots of good things I could have,
If I'd get well.

But when the fever went away,
And I began to mend,
And begged to eat the goodies
That Grandma Brown would send,
They said beef-tea was better,
And gave my grapes to Nell,
And laughed and said, "You're mighty cross
Since you got well."

GRANDMA'S HOUSE IS THE HOUSE.

DO you know of the house
Where ginger-snaps grow?
Where tarts for us children
March out in a row?
Where wishing is having,
Where,—isn't it grand!—
Just up in the garret
Is real Fairy Land?

Where youngsters can caper
And romp and halloo,
For they always do right,
Whatever they do?
You don't know the house?
Then, oh, deary me,
I'm sorry for you!
Why, it's grandma's, you see.

MY HOME PARTY.

I'VE had a party because I'm six years old,
And because I did last week as I was told,
And always shut the door and fed the cat,
Nor once forgot to hang up my new hat.

Mamma invited five boys, friends of mine—
Though Tommy Englefield is almost nine.
The cook made cakes all full of fruit and spice,
And lots of other things that make a party nice.

But Willie had the mumps and couldn't come,
And Chester fell downstairs and broke his thumb;
Burt had the croup, and Leo a sore throat,
And Tim had gone to Boston on the boat.

And so papa, mamma and I—we three
Had just a lovely, lovely party tea.
"Too bad!" said every one; but—don't you tell—
I think I liked it just as well.

SMALL BUT NOISY.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

MY grandma says that little boys
Make too much noise—
Considering, of course, their size;
She's very wise!
I think the birds up in the trees,
The chippy-wees,
Are noisier by far than I,
And don't half try.

And then the noise made on the pane
By drops of rain,
That patter early, patter late,
Is very great!
And so, I say, it seems to me,
To noisy be
Is what you should expect at all
Times, from the small.

PART III.
ENTERTAINMENTS

CHOOSING VOCATIONS.

Dialogue for Five Boys.

[Interior of boy's den; couch left front of stage with pillows; chairs front and right side; table at side center near which is seated Charles busily writing. Enter back center several boys together and with a rush. Charles looks up, rises and clasps each hand in turn.]

CHARLES. This is a treat, fellows. But what's the hurry, anything up? [*Looks inquiringly at each in turn.*]

Louis. Oh, no, but we were discussing what we would like to be, when we start out in life for ourselves, and we thought you too might enjoy the discussion, so we came over here. Say, where's old Snooper?

Charles. Oh! we're all safe for to-night. I heard him tell Prof. White he'd get back about one o'clock. So we are free until then. Come along and find a place to rest. [*Boys rush about room and select places to sit.*]

William. I've quite decided that I'll be a doctor. The other day when that old lady had her foot crushed and Doctor Brown called on me to help him, and I did—and you can just guess I didn't flinch—I talked to the old lady and she patted my hand and quieted right down, and Doctor Brown—you all know what a crank he is—well, he said, "Young man, you'll miss your vocation if you don't study to be a doctor." I've been thinking that way for some time myself, and now I'm convinced that's what I'll be. I guess dad will be glad.

James. Well, you couldn't have chosen a better profession for yourself; all the fellows have long since called you "Doc." As

for myself, I've decided to join the army. There is something so fascinating about a uniform and being in command. Of course, you all understand I don't propose to be an ordinary soldier. My ambition is much higher than that. I'm booked for a general. Just watch me strut! [*Struts grandly about stage as if a general. Boys laugh heartily. Sits down.*] And when I'm a general you'll soon see how I will lord it over the others. But then the real thing is the war—if we should have one—how grand it will be to lead the boys shouting, "On, on, boys, over the breastworks." Say, it's just thrilling. I feel the cold shivers running down my back!

LOUIS. Whew, James, you do give me the shivers. Just think of "On, on, to the breastworks," and the shots and the noise—oh! [*Shudders.*] That is not the life for me. I'll be a minister, and where you have preached war I'll preach peace, everlasting peace.

CHARLES. That's right, Louis. Father says civilization has no use for war, but it has great need for peace. Well, Frank, we haven't heard from you yet. Have you chosen?

FRANK. Yes, Charles, I have. I decided to follow the profession of the law, and later in life my one ambition will be a judgeship. Just think how you'll all feel to hear me called "Your Honor," and see men bow to my will. Say, fellows, it will be lots of fun to rule in that way. But I say, Charles, you are the only one who has not as yet disclosed what you plan to be. Out with it, old fellow.

CHARLES. Well, boys, to be frank with you, I'm hoping to be professor in literature at our dear old college some day. I don't know whether I'll ever get it, but I'll try for it, and hard, too.

BOYS. Oh, you'll get it all right.

WILLIAM. Hush!—what's that? Lights out! Sh!—why, it's Snooper as sure as you're alive. What'll we do? Our vocations won't have much show if he catches us—sh!—there he's gone; let's go—softly fellows—good-night, Charles—on your toes fellows. [*They tiptoe toward door.*]

TOM'S FIRST PIECE.

GRACE B. FAXON.

DIALOGUE FOR FIVE BOYS.

CHARLIE. I'm going to speak a piece at school Friday afternoon.

GEORGE. Oh, are you! What is it about, Charlie?

CHARLIE. Oh, its about a boy who played hookey from school and fell into a pond and had an awful time.

NED. How did he get out of it?

CHARLIE. Out of what? The pond?

NED. No, out of the scrape.

CHARLIE. Oh, he got home after a while; and all his father said to him was: "My son, you have already been punished sufficiently for your conduct. I am sorry for you."

NED. That was the right kind of a father to have. If that boy's father had been like mine, he would never have said that.

TOM. I remember the first piece I ever spoke. My, what a botch I made of it!

ALFRED. Tell us about it, Tom.

TOM. I was only six years old. There was to be a school exhibition and my mother taught me a piece to speak at it.

CHARLIE. You had to stand up in the middle of the floor and say it over and over again to your mother? That's the way I do.

TOM. Yes, indeed. At last I thought, and so did mother, that I knew it perfect. The piece began:

"I wish I had a little dog
To pat him on the head."

When the evening came—

CHILDREN. "Evening!"

TOM. Yes, evening. We had this exhibition in the evening so all our parents might come. I was dressed up in a black velvet suit and a white lace collar with a large blue bow. My hair was parted in the middle, just so——

ALFRED. How pretty Tommy must have looked!

TOM. Stop making fun of me, or I won't tell you about it.

CHILDREN. Oh, yes, do go on, Tom.

TOM. Well, there sat father and mother in the very front row. Somehow or other I found myself on the stage, but everything before me was a glare. I stuffed my hands into my pockets, so, then I took them out and put them behind me so; then I held them at my sides, like this [*holding hands stiffly at sides, fingers apart*] and said in a voice that sounded miles away to me:

"I wish I had a little pat
To dog him on the head."

CHILDREN [*laughing heartily*]. Oh, Tom, you didn't! How funny! What did you do?

TOM. My mother shook her head at me, my father looked cross and someone in the rear of the stage whispered, "Begin again."

NED. And did you?

TOM. Yes. I ran my fingers through my hair like this [*rumpling hair*], and I spoke up pretty loud this time:

"I wish I had a little dog
To head him on the pat."

CHILDREN [*laughing*]. Oh, dear, dear, dear! Oh, Tom! Didn't all the people laugh?

TOM. They laughed to kill themselves almost. That made me very angry. I almost yelled next time:

"I wish I had a little pat
To head him on the dog."

CHILDREN. Oh, how dreadful, Tom! To think of trying all those times! What did you say next?

TOM [*gloomily*]. There wasn't any "next." My father came on the platform, took hold of my hand and led me off. The people laughed harder than ever. I boo-hooed as loud as I could.

CHILDREN [*sympathetically*]. Poor Tom!

BREVITY THE SOUL OF WIT.

Dialogue for Seven Boys.

[Every piece to be said slowly and with deliberation, so that audience may have time to grasp the points.]

WILLIE. Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: Each one of these lads (except one, who is rather doubtful), says he can give a complete address in less than a minute. As such *short* speeches are very uncommon, I propose that we hear them.

WILFRED. Ladies and gentlemen: Real success in life does *not* consist in *never making a blunder,* but in never making the same blunder a second time.

WILLIE. That is a comforting speech; many lose heart after making a blunder. Have courage and persevere; but, as Wilfred says, do not make the same blunder again.

WALTER. Now, boys, none of you take it for granted that you are a duffer because anyone tells you so. Find it out for yourself, and when you have found it out, don't be a duffer.

WILLIE. There's a word of comfort to the boy who has not yet earned a prize.

HARRY. Mr. Chairman, and everybody: If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put foundations under them.

WILLIE. I must tell that to my mother the next time she says, "Don't build castles in the air, Willie."

CHARLIE. Here's a word to those who look on the dark side of life; some of you are forever bemoaning your fate; you lose the whole of *to-day* in brooding over the ills of *yesterday*. Thus, days are lost lamenting over lost days. What is the use of crying over spilt milk? Up, and catch the cow.

WILLIE. That is sound advice, Charlie, for worrying only *adds* to one's trouble.

HERBERT. Whatever you try to do, try with all your heart to

do it well. In great aims, and in small, always be thoroughly in earnest.

WILLIE. That's right, Herbert; what is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

FRED. Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: As I am a man of words, it will be rather difficult for *me* to undertake to give a full and complete address (upon the subject I have in my mind) within the short space of sixty seconds. However, ladies and gentlemen, I will do my very best, and I hope, by treating my subject as concisely as possible, that I shall be able to give you the pith of it in a few well chosen sentences. Therefore, without any further preface, I begin, in the first place, to call your attention to the fact that, although many great men have spoken upon the topic I have chosen for to-night, yet——

WILLIE. I beg your pardon, sir, but the minute is up. I hope you will, therefore, consider your address given, and make way for Master James.

FRED [*dejectedly*]. Ah! dear.

WILLIE. As my worthy friend seems to have nearly finished the "introduction" to his speech, no doubt, next year, he will oblige us with the title of his subject, together with one or two of the well-chosen sentences that he speaks of. Now we come to Master James, the last boy, but not the least.

JAMES. Nothing great and durable has ever been produced with ease. Labor is the parent of all the lasting monuments of this world.

WILLIE. I think, Mr. Chairman, these lads have kept to their word, for [*takes out watch*] it is only just five and a half minutes since the first boy told us not to make the same blunder twice. What two or three of them have said reminds me of a verse in Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," a verse I am sure all will remember. Here it is [*all joining in at second line*]:

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

DANIEL BOONE.

AUGUSTA STEVENSON.

CHARACTERS.

DANIEL BOONE,	WILSON,
SIMON KENTON,	TOMPKINS,
PIONEERS,	MINGO,
BLACK FISH,	ENGLISH OFFICERS,
GENERAL HAMILTON,	ENGLISH SOLDIERS,
MAJOR BOUND,	INDIAN BRAVES.

SCENE I.

TIME: Winter, 1778.

PLACE: Blue Licks Springs, Kentucky.

[Scene shows pioneers in camp. Over fires hang large kettles. Some pioneers stir boiling water in kettles; others carry water from springs.]

FIRST PIONEER. Three pounds of salt I've taken from my kettle!

SECOND PIONEER. I think I can soon take salt from mine.

FOURTH PIONEER. Three more days will see us through this work, I think.

FIFTH PIONEER. Aye! And on the road back home.

FIRST PIONEER. I hope so. I fear the Indians will attack the fort while we are here.

A YOUNG PIONEER. Oh, there is no danger of that!

FIRST PIONEER. There is always danger of that, my boy.

YOUNG PIONEER. Then why did Colonel Boone bring us here, so far from the fort?

THIRD PIONEER. Did we not need salt? You know how all Boonesborough was suffering from the lack of it.

FOURTH PIONEER. Aye! And our cattle and our horses!

FIFTH PIONEER. It is strange Boone does not return.

FIRST PIONEER. He went out to hunt at daybreak, to get food for the camp.

SECOND PIONEER [*looking at sun*]. And, if I mistake not, it is now gone past noon.

ALL [*looking at sun*]. Aye!

THIRD PIONEER. Well, he's safe. You can count on that. Boone can feel an Indian a mile away.

[*They continue work. Pause. Young pioneer goes to spring for water.*]

YOUNG PIONEER [*looking off*]. Here's Boone—Indians with him!

[*Pioneers quickly take up rifles. Enter* BOONE *with four young Indians.*]

BOONE. Put down your rifles, comrades, I am their prisoner.

FIRST PIONEER. You need not long remain so, Colonel Boone.

SECOND PIONEER. They were foolish to trust themselves among us.

BOONE. Not so foolish as you think. One hundred of them are in the woods about us. They came upon me suddenly. I ran, but was soon overtaken by these younger Indians.

FIFTH PIONEER. And you surrendered without a fight?

BOONE. Yes. I found they were marching upon Boonesborough.

PIONEERS. Boonesborough!

BOONE. Aye! I thought of the handful of men there to defend the fort. I thought of the women there and children. I determined to stop their march at any price. I knew their custom —to return to camp to show off their prisoners. And so I surrendered. I am sure they will return at once if you, too, will surrender.

FIFTH PIONEER. I say we fight them! We can at least kill some of them!

PIONEERS. Aye! Aye!

BOONE. Yes, we might kill some of their best warriors. And what would happen then? The Indians would be wild with anger. They would march upon our fort at once and kill the men, the women and the children.

FIRST PIONEER. Only cowards surrender!

PIONEERS. Aye! Aye!

BOONE. Men! Men! Do not think of proving your own bravery at this time! You are all brave men. You do not know what fear is. You are willing to die to save your friends—every one of you!

PIONEERS. Aye! Aye!

BOONE. But dying will not save them, comrades. You must live to save them. The Indians surround us four to one. Surrender and they will return to camp and Boonesborough will be safe.

[*Long pause.*]

FIRST PIONEER. I will surrender.

SECOND PIONEER. I will surrender.

OTHERS. And I! And I! And I!

BOONE. Then give your rifles to these Indians. [BOONE *motions to Indians, who take rifles from pioneers.*]

INDIANS [*joyfully*]. Wah! Wah! Wah!

INDIANS [*off*]. Wah! Wah! Wah!

[*At once Indians spring in from all sides, surround pioneers and overturn kettles, calling*:]

Wah! Wah! Wah!

A BRAVE. Show camp white men, Black Fish!

ANOTHER BRAVE. All camp happy when hunting white men, chief.

BRAVES. Wah! Wah! Wah!

[*Pause. All look at* BLACK FISH.]

BLACK FISH. Braves leave warpath—take prisoners wigwam trail.

INDIANS. Wah! Wah! Wah!

SCENE II.

TIME: One month later.

PLACE: British fort, Detroit.

[Scene may occur in room of fort or in open just outside. General Hamilton, his officers and soldiers are seen. Soldier enters and salutes general.]

GENERAL. Well, Tompkins?

SOLDIER. There's a squad of Indians waiting, general. Chief Black Fish asks to see you, sir. He has prisoners, sir.

GENERAL. White men?

SOLDIER. Yes, general.

GENERAL. Bring them here. [*Soldier salutes and goes.*] The money, major, to buy these white men.

MAJOR. Yes, general.

[*He salutes; goes. Enter* BLACK FISH *and braves with* BOONE *and pioneers.* MAJOR *enters with bag of money.*]

BLACK FISH. Prisoners, great chief. White men—prisoners.

GENERAL. Have you come to sell them, chief?

BLACK FISH [*nodding*]. Sell, great chief, sell.

GENERAL. I will buy all of them. [*Takes bag of money from* MAJOR.]

BLACK FISH. One do not sell. He—Daniel Boone.

GENERAL. Daniel Boone! Step forward, Boone, I want to know you. [BOONE *steps forward.* GENERAL HAMILTON *offers his hand.*] I am glad to meet you, colonel. I have heard much about you—your kindness and your bravery.

BOONE. I am glad to know you, general.

GENERAL [*low voice*]. I'll ransom you, Colonel Boone.

BOONE. I thank you, general.

BLACK FISH. Boone—Indian warrior. Boone my son one day.

MAJOR. How do they treat you, colonel?

BOONE. With kindness, major. They have treated us all well since our capture.

BLACK FISH. Because—glad get Boone.

BRAVES [*joyfully*]. Wah! Wah! Wah!

A BRAVE. Boone—great warrior!

ANOTHER BRAVE. Boone—great hunter!

THIRD BRAVE. Boone shoot like Indian!

BLACK FISH [*giving bow and arrows to* BOONE]. Show! [*Sticks feather in crack of door or gate.*] Show!

[BOONE *shoots; hits feather.*]

INDIANS [*proudly*]. Wah! Wah! Wah!

BLACK FISH. Mingo, shoot!

[*A brave steps forward.* BLACK FISH *puts another feather in door.* MINGO *shoots and misses.*]

INDIANS [*angrily*]. Hi! Hi!

MINGO. Bad arrow—shoot again. [*He shoots and misses.*]

INDIANS [*angrily*]. Hi! Hi! Hi!

BLACK FISH. Boone—shoot! [*He shoots and misses.*]

BOONE. I too have missed!

INDIANS [*joyfully*]. Wah! Wah! Wah!

FIRST PIONEER. I have never seen him miss before!

SECOND PIONEER. Nor I!

THIRD PIONEER. Shoot again, Boone!

FOURTH PIONEER. Show them what a white man can do, colonel!

BOONE. I can do no better than my Indian brothers. I will not shoot again.

INDIANS. Wah! Wah! Wah!

GENERAL [*low voice*]. You missed purposely, Boone. Is that not true?

BOONE [*low voice*]. I must not make them angry, general.

GENERAL. I'll ransom you, cost what it may! [*Counts out money from bag.*] Chief Black Fish, here is the ransom for the white men.

BLACK FISH. No sell all white men. No sell Boone.

GENERAL. Here is money for all but Boone, two hundred dollars. [BLACK FISH *takes money and motions to braves, who at once leave pioneers.*] Now, here are two hundred dollars for Boone alone.

BLACK FISH. No sell Boone!

GENERAL. Three hundred!

BLACK FISH. No sell Boone!

GENERAL. Four hundred!

BLACK FISH. *No.*

GENERAL. Five hundred!

BLACK FISH. *No.*

GENERAL. Six hundred!

BLACK FISH. No sell Boone for any money! Boone—Indian! Boone my son!

INDIANS. Wah! Wah! Wah!

BOONE. It is useless, general. I must go back with them, you see.

GENERAL. I am sorry, Colonel Boone.

BLACK FISH. Indian love Boone. Many moons he try get him.

INDIANS. Wah! Wah! Wah!

BLACK FISH. He take him wigwam now.

GENERAL. Yes, it is useless, Boone. But you must take my fur coat. You will need it on your march.

MAJOR. Take my fur gloves and leggings, Boone.

BOONE. No, no, gentlemen! I am a poor man. I could never hope to pay you.

GENERAL. No, we do not want any pay, Boone.

BOONE. I cannot take such gifts. But I thank you, gentlemen, I thank you.

BLACK FISH. Come, my son. We go now—wigwam.

BOONE. Farewell, friends! Farewell, comrades.

[*He goes with Indians.*]

SCENE III.

TIME: Three months later.
PLACE: Boonesborough Fort.
[Gates of fort are open. Pioneers are seen outside, surrounding Wilson. A pioneer runs to fort.]

PIONEER [*calling*]. Wilson has escaped from the Indians! He is here with us—outside!

[*Enter from fort other pioneers and* KENTON. *They grasp* WILSON'S *hands.*]

KENTON. Wilson! I feared we would never see you again!

WILSON. I took my first chance to escape.

A PIONEER. For three months you've been gone!

WILSON. I am thankful to get here alive.

KENTON. What news of Boone?

WILSON. Daniel Boone has become an Indian.

KENTON. Boone an Indian!

WILSON. He consented and was made a member of the chief's own family.

A PIONEER. The traitor!

WILSON. Aye! He's a traitor to his race!

PIONEERS. Aye! Aye!

KENTON. He may have had some reason.

WILSON. No, I think he likes the Indians and wants to live with them.

SECOND PIONEER. We'll drive him back should he ever come to us again!

PIONEERS. Aye! Aye!

THIRD PIONEER. I've noticed he was always kind to Indians where others would be harsh.

FOURTH PIONEER. I've seen that many times, and wondered at it!

KENTON. Boone was ever just to Indians and to white. You all know that full well.

FIFTH PIONEER [*looking off*]. On guard! An Indian! [*Pioneers raise guns.*] See him running in the valley! Shoot him! Shoot him!

KENTON. No, no! He calls to us! Listen!

INDIAN [*faintly from distance*]. Boone! Boone! Boone!

KENTON. Do you hear? He calls "Boone!"

A PIONEER. It's only an Indian trick! Shoot him!

SECOND PIONEER. Aye! It's a trick! Shoot, men!

KENTON. No, no! Listen!

INDIAN [*calling nearer*]. Boone! Boone! Boone!

THIRD PIONEER. It's a trick to keep us here!

FOURTH PIONEER. Aye! While the rest of them surround us!

FIFTH PIONEER. Shoot him now, I say!

KENTON. I forbid it! He may bring news of Boone.

WILSON. What is that to us? Boone is a traitor to the white man!

PIONEERS. Aye! Aye!

KENTON. Well, come within the fort. We'll soon find whether it is a trick or no. And then we can shoot them from safety.

PIONEERS. Aye! Aye!

[*They enter fort and close gates. Pause. Enter* BOONE *running. He wears Indian dress.*]

BOONE. Open the gates, friends! It is I—Boone! [*Silence, pause.* BOONE *tears off his head-dress of feathers and throws it on ground.*] Don't you know me? I am Boone—Daniel Boone! [*Silence, pause.*] Men, men, do you shut me out from you? Is that what your silence means? [*Silence, pause.*] Do you think I joined the Indian tribe by choice? Do you think I am a traitor to you and to my race? [*Silence, pause.*] Your silence answers. How small is your faith in me! I took my first chance to escape. One hundred and fifty miles in four days I have come; stopped once and only once to eat and not at all to sleep. And this I have done to warn you—to tell you that Black Fish comes to attack you! With four hundred warriors he is now upon the march! Within two days he will be upon you! Now drive me from you, if you will. Daniel Boone was never traitor to his kind—never was and never will be! But traitor to the Indian he is! To learn their plans he became an Indian. He tricked them and deceived them, but 'twas to save his own. Do you hear that, men? It was to save his own!

[*Gates are opened and pioneers rush out. They grasp* BOONE'S *hands.*]

KENTON. Boone, Boone, you have saved us! Forgive us!

PIONEERS. Forgive us! Forgive us!

BOONE. I do forgive, for I know you did not understand. You are all my friends and comrades.

AWKWARD SQUAD DRILL AND MARCH.

COMEDY ENTERTAINMENT FOR ANY NUMBER BOYS WITH COMMANDER AND LEADERS.

STANLEY SCHELL.

BOYS: In three or more divisions. First division is directed by COMMANDER, Second and Third divisions by LEADERS.

COSTUMES: COMMANDER wears black beaver hat turned up at side and decorated with large plume. LEADERS wear military caps. Rank and file wear ridiculous costumes, partly military. Some wear knee-breeches, soldier's coat, belt with pistol at side, old felt hat; others wear coat of khaki cloth and slouch hat; others wear trousers of one color, coat of another, hat of another. The more ridiculous the get-up the better. Every boy carries gun, stick or cane, and has wisp of hay tied around right ankle and wisp of straw tied around left ankle.

MUSIC: Drums. Boys, in various funny drummer's costumes standing at one side of stage, play on drums of different sizes and kinds.

POINTS TO COMMANDER: When training boys, impress upon them that their acts are to be as awkward and as grotesque as possible. When COMMANDER gives an order, different LEADERS repeat order immediately.

DRILL.

[*During heavy rolling of drums boys come awkwardly in from all parts of stage.* COMMANDER, *appearing at stage front center, facing rear of stage, motions boys to come forward, which they do, and fall into three divisions, each division having a* LEADER. *Wide space is left between back of division and* LEADER *of next division. Each* LEADER *faces stage rear and his division of boys.*]

COMMANDER. Attention!

FIRST LEADER. Attention!

SECOND LEADER. Attention!

[*Boys all look at* LEADERS, *some with sticks resting on floor, some with sticks against shoulder, R. or L.*]

COMMANDER. Heels on same line and together!

FIRST LEADER. Heels on same line and together!

SECOND LEADER. Heels on same line and together!

[*Business of boys trying to find line, trying to get on it either with front of foot or heel and then of maintaining equilibrium when feet are close together.* COMMANDER *and* LEADERS *seemingly get most excited in striving to get boys on line, etc.*]

COMMANDER. Turn toes out equally!

FIRST LEADER. Turn toes out equally!

SECOND LEADER. Turn toes out equally!

[*Business of trying to maintain position on line and then of maintaining balance while trying to turn toes out. Many get off line altogether and have to struggle back to position and then try to turn toes out. Again are all helped to correct positions by* LEADERS.]

COMMANDER. Knees straight! Body erect and slightly bent!

FIRST LEADER. Knees straight! Body erect and slightly bent!

SECOND LEADER. Knees straight! Body erect and slightly bent!

[*Business of examining knees; some feel knees, others lean over and look at them until* COMMANDER *fairly stamps feet and shakes fist at them. Boys suddenly straighten up and present quite a decent appearance.*]

COMMANDER. Shoulders square and level! Arms loose at sides!

FIRST LEADER. Shoulders square and level! Arms loose at sides!

SECOND LEADER. Shoulders square and level! Arms loose at sides!

[*Business of raising and lowering shoulders, feeling shoulders with hands, twisting about to watch neighbor, etc. When still again, they present ridiculous sight. Many arms are akimbo or arms are held stiff and awkward.*]

COMMANDER. Elbows close to body! Palms of hand turn slightly to front!

FIRST LEADER. Elbows close to body! Palms of hand turn slightly to front!

SECOND LEADER. Elbows close to body! Palms of hand turn slightly to front!

[*Business of trying to get elbows close to body. Some even pull elbows into place where they think they should go. Efforts to turn palms slightly front are most ludicrous. All are finally helped by* LEADERS.]

COMMANDER. Chin slightly drawn in! Eyes straight to front, fifteen yards!

FIRST LEADER. Chin slightly drawn in! Eyes straight to front, fifteen yards!

SECOND LEADER. Chin slightly drawn in! Eyes straight to front, fifteen yards!

[*When* COMMANDER *gives these orders he waits a while after first order before he gives second order. At sound of first part of order every effort is made to draw chin in, but when order comes to have eyes straight, etc., many boys start forward as if to discover fifteen yards.* COMMANDER *soon gets them in order, then waits a moment for full attention.*]

COMMANDER. All that we have done up to now comes under one call, "Position!" You may all move to easy positions until you hear the call "Position," when you are to do all that we have been through since I first said "Attention."

[COMMANDER *and boys stand about and chat a moment.*]

COMMANDER. Position!

FIRST LEADER. Position!

SECOND LEADER. Position!

[*Boys fairly scramble back to line, some straighten shoulders, then try to find line; some put heels together, then puzzle a moment as to what to do next, and so on.*]

COMMANDER. Get off lines and stand at side of stage! When I call "Position!" you are all to come and stand in line across stage. Then I will mention in order the things you are to do and each Leader will repeat order after me.

[*Steps to stage front center, draws body very erect.*]

COMMANDER. Position!

FIRST LEADER. Position!

SECOND LEADER. Position!

COMMANDER. Heels on line and together!

FIRST LEADER. Heels on line and together!

SECOND LEADER. Heels on line and together!

COMMANDER. Turn toes out equally!

FIRST LEADER. Turn toes out equally!

SECOND LEADER. Turn toes out equally!

COMMANDER. Knees straight! Body erect and slightly forward!

FIRST LEADER. Knees straight! Body erect and slightly forward!

SECOND LEADER. Knees straight! Body erect and slightly forward!

COMMANDER. Shoulders square and level! Arms hang at side!

FIRST LEADER. Shoulders square and level! Arms hang at side!

SECOND LEADER. Shoulders square and level! Arms hang at side!

COMMANDER. Elbows close to body! Palms of hand turn slightly to front!

FIRST LEADER. Elbows close to body! Palms of hand turn slightly to front!

SECOND LEADER. Elbows close to body! Palms of hand turn slightly to front!

COMMANDER. Chin slightly drawn in! Eyes straight to front, fifteen yards!

FIRST LEADER. Chin slightly drawn in! Eyes straight to front, fifteen yards!

SECOND LEADER. Chin slightly drawn in! Eyes straight to front, fifteen yards.

[*From* COMMANDER'S *first call "Position" to the last call above, there is no break in voice of* COMMANDER, *and the* LEADERS *also repeat continuously. The boys do most ridiculous things, and* COMMANDER *or* LEADERS *pull them into place or position while continuing calls.*]

COMMANDER. We will now drill for marching. In order that you may make no mistake, I shall call out "Hay Foot," and you must move forward "Hay Foot." Then I shall call out "Straw Foot," and you are to put forward "Straw Foot," and so on. Now pay exact attention, and soon you will be able to do exactly as told.

COMMANDER. Hay Foot!

FIRST LEADER. Hay Foot!

SECOND LEADER. Hay Foot!

[*Some boys put out one foot and some another.* COMMANDER *gets very excited. Same orders are repeated again and again until all boys seem to know "Hay Foot."*]

COMMANDER. Straw Foot!

FIRST LEADER. Straw Foot!

SECOND LEADER. Straw Foot!

[*Boys are again puzzled and put out wrong foot. Drilling of "Straw Foot" is continued for some time, same order being given again and again.*]

COMMANDER. Hay Foot! Straw Foot!

FIRST LEADER. Hay Foot! Straw Foot!

SECOND LEADER. Hay Foot! Straw Foot!

[*When these alternate calls are heard, boys act like persons distracted. They do everything but the right thing.* COMMANDER, *now thoroughly disgusted, stamps his feet, waves hand at them as if thoroughly worn out.*]

COMMANDER. We'll all fall in in couples and march around stage.

[*Boys fall in, in couples,* COMMANDER *leads off and others follow his movements.*]

MARCH OF THE AWKWARD SQUAD.

1. Across stage to R corner.
2. Diagonally to L. back corner.
3. Across stage back to R. back corner.
4. Diagonally to L. front corner.
5. Up L. side of stage to rear.

6. Turn and come down stage to front.
7. Up stage to rear again.
8. Turn and come to front again, and so on backward and forward until R. front corner of stage has been reached.
9. When this corner is reached Commander, in tones of thunder, says, "You are dismissed!" Boys, looking very sheepish, move awkwardly off stage.

[*During march boys move most awkwardly, entirely out of step with music, some moving with one foot forward and some with the other; attempts to get in step are most ludicrous. Efforts to keep together and to make turns are most humorous and some boys fall over guns or sticks they carry. These arms they carry as they see fit, either up or down, or dragging. Some shuffle along, and many act sheepishly. Whole aim is to make marching as ludicrous as possible.*]

OUR SOLDIER BOYS.

PLAY FOR 26, OR ANY NUMBER, BOYS.

STANLEY SCHELL.

COSTUMES: According to characters impersonated, or designated by part, or ordinary clothes.

STAGE-SETTING: Decorate with flags of all nations.

POINTS: Boys enter in single file, all boys of one kind keeping in order and together, space being left between for each new person. Preceding each group should be one boy carrying banner with large letter (first letter of word impersonated). If only one boy impersonates a letter, that boy has letter hung suspended from arm nearest and plainly visible to audience. As a line comes into view, boy or boys speak their parts and walk across stage and out. Each letter does same.

A is for Artilleryman, fearless of harm;
[Draws cannon on wheels as he moves along.]

B is for Bugler who sounds the alarm.
[Runs fast across stage blowing bugle.]

C is for Cavalryman on a fine horse;
[Enters on wooden horse attached to stick and trots off stage.]

D is for Drummer, a good one, of course.
[Plays drum all across stage.]

E is for Engineer, who builds a fort of sand;
[Carries spade and pail of sand.]

F is for Fifer, who plays in the band.
[Walks across stage playing fife.]

G is for General, who all our battles plan;
[Enters waving sword.]

H is for Highlander in dress of his clan.
[Enters playing bagpipe.]

I is for Infantry marching up hill;
[Enters carrying gun against shoulder.]

J is for Juvenile learning to drill.
[Enters carrying broom against shoulder.]

K is for Knight in armor arrayed;
[Enters in full armor.]

L is for Litter the wounded to aid.
[Carries litter.]

M is for Militiaman in drill an expert;
[Carries gun pointed front.]

N is for Nurse who attends to the hurt.
[In Red Cross costume.]

O is for Orderly awaiting commands;
[Comes in with small wooden horse on wheels and carries gun against shoulder.]

P is for Pioneer with axe in hand.
[Wears high fur hat, apron, epaulets and carries hatchet.]

Q is for Quartermaster, who provides for all needs;
[Enters with express cart loaded with food, etc.]

R is for Rough Rider, who danger ne'er heeds.
[Enters and struts boldly across stage.]

S is for Sentry, who strict guard must keep;
[Wears blue cape lined with red and strides with gun resting on shoulder.]

T is for Tent, where soldier-boys sleep.
[Boy enters carrying tent and shows it to audience.]

U is for Uhlan with sword and with lance;
[Enters and struts across stage waving sword or lance.]

V is for Vivandiere in the army of France.

[Boy dressed as girl, red skirt, white apron, blue soldier short jacket, red soldier cap, carrying water-bucket suspended from belt with straps.]

W is for Wagon carrying army supplies;

[Boy enters drawing army style of wagon across stage.]

X is for form like a chevaux-de-frise.

[Boy enters carrying long fence-like form made like contiuous X's used in war.]

Y is for Yankee, hurrah, he's all right;

[Carries large American flag which he waves joyously.]

Z is for Zouave in uniform bright.

[Carries long pointed bayonet gun.]

PLAYING CHURCH.

Dialogue for Two Small Boys.

HARRY. Come, Eddie, let's play church. I'll be minister, and preach a sermon.

EDDIE. Well, and I'll be the people.

HARRY [*lifts* EDDIE *into chair*]. There! this is your pew, and you must listen to my sermon. My text is a very short one, and easy, too—a part of the one the minister had one Sunday, and all I can remember of it. There are some little texts in the Bible on purpose for little children, and this is one: *"Be kind!"* Now, these are the heads: *First,* Be kind to papa, and don't make a noise when he wants to read. *Secondly,* Be kind to mamma, and don't make her tell you to do a thing more than once. It is very tiresome for her to tell you to keep still twenty times a day. *Thirdly,* Be kind to baby, and don't let her cry.

EDDIE. You have left out, "Be kind to Harry."

HARRY. Yes; I did not want to say myself in my sermon. But I want you to be kind to Minnie, and let her have your red soldier when she wants it. *Fourthly,* Be kind to Jane, and don't kick and scream when she washes and dresses you.

EDDIE. But she pulled my hair with the comb.

HARRY. People must not talk in meeting; besides, you must

not let your hair snarl. Now, I don't know whether the next was fifthly or sixthly.

EDDIE. I don't know what fifthly is.

HARRY. Oh, that's because you cannot count. See here; I will count them on my fingers for you. *One,* Be kind to papa. *Two,* Be kind to mamma. *Three,* Be kind to baby. *Four,* Be kind to Jane. Oh, yes, that's it! Now, the little finger is five. *Fifthly,* Be kind to kitty. Do what will make her purr; but don't do what will make her cry.

EDDIE. Baby made her meow right out loud to-day. She pulled her tail, and kitty jumped right off the cradle, and ran to the door, and I shut it for her.

HARRY. Opened it, you mean.

EDDIE. Isn't the sermon most done? I want to sing. [*Sings. Supper bell rings.*]

HARRY [*running off stage*]. There! there is the bell for supper. Come, Eddie.

[EDDIE *also exits.*]

ANTI-CIGARETTE LEAGUE.

DIALOGUE FOR SEVERAL BOYS.

STANLEY SCHELL.

FRANK. Hello, boys; what are you doing there?

BOYS. Oh, nothing, only talking.

FRANK. Only talking, and what are you talking about? [*Moves nearer the boys. Puffs cigarette.*]

BOYS. We are forming an Anti-Cigarette League?

FRANK. And pray [*sarcastically*], what's an "Anti-Cigarette League?"

WILL. An "Anti-Cigarette League?" Why, it's a society whose members agree not to smoke cigarettes.

FRANK. Whew! [*Whistles.*] Well, you had better believe I don't join such a society. What? Give up smoking? Well, I

guess not! [*Struts up and down, puts hat on back of head.*] What harm is there in a little cigarette? [*Stops and looks at boys.*]

WILL. Harm? That shows you don't know much. Why, cigarettes are poisonous.

FRANK. Well, I'm not dead yet, and I've smoked many cigarettes.

WILL. No, you're not dead, but you'll soon be worse than dead. The boys have been watching you for some time, and they have decided to join a league so they won't get to be like you.

FRANK. Like me? [*Doubles fist.*] What do you mean? Like me! I guess there's nothing the matter with me!

WILL. Yes, there is; and if you keep on smoking, you'll get where Jack Homer is—in the lunatic asylum. You've only just begun doing what he did, but it won't take long, you're on the downward track.

FRANK. I should like to know whose business it is, Mr. Busybody? Just my own, and don't you forget it. [*Struts again.*]

WILL. It's everybody's business, you'll find out. You are leading other little fellows off. People will soon find out about it, and then you'll get it. Little Johnnie Peters has been sick a week from his first smoke, and you gave him the cigarette, you know.

FRANK. Well, I am sorry for that, I'm sure, boys; I wouldn't harm any one, not by a good deal. If you can prove that I am doing wrong, I'll quit—I will, I'm in earnest.

BOYS. We'll prove it. You know Dr. Bernard?

FRANK. Yes.

BOYS. You tell him, Will.

WILL. All right. You know that he had two fine nephews. [FRANK *nods.*] Well, they were cigarette fiends, and a month ago both were taken to the madhouse. A few days ago one died, and the other one is not expected to last much longer.

FRANK. Still, that doesn't prove that cigarettes did the business.

WILL. Just wait a minute. Dr. Bernard decided to find out what caused their madness. He took cigarettes and extracted the nicotine that was in them, gave the nicotine to a dog and in a little while the dog was dead.

FRANK. What is nicotine?

WILL. Nicotine is a poison and settles in the bottom of cigars. You know some cigarettes are made from old cigar-butts.

FRANK. No, I didn't know that.

WILL. It's true, and when you smoke you get poison into your system. And then, you know, you are trying a new way of smoking—you draw smoke down into your lungs and let it out through your nostrils, and that's very harmful.

FRANK. I guess you're right; for since I've been doing that I feel weak as a rat. Last week I fainted away twice. I say, boys, you're right, and I'm wrong—I'll join you.

BOYS. Oh, we're so glad!

FRANK. We'll get all the little fellows in, too. I'll get them to join.

BOYS. We'll make you president, Frank. Teacher has promised us the large assembly-room for Friday afternoons for our meetings. She says she'll see that we have music, and speaking and singing when we meet.

FRANK. That'll be jolly. Run along, boys, and we'll begin at once.

[*Exit* BOYS.]

FRANK [*stops a moment and looks at cigarette*]. I never dreamed I was doing harm. I'm sorry. We've had good times together, old fellow; we've been good friends for many a day. [*Turns cigarette over and looks at it thoughtfully.*] I shall miss you, old boy, I shall miss you. How fine it was to feel your smoke creep down—down inside, and then rush out—that explains why my nose bled so much, and why I spit blood—the poison—who'd think there was any poison in you—in you, just a tiny little cigarette. Well, I've quit, old boy, I've quit.

BOYS. Hello, there, Frank [*shouting from outside*], aren't you coming?

FRANK. Yes—yes—boys—I'm coming now. [*Throws cigarette across stage.*] There she goes—good-bye. [*Rushes toward door, turns and looks back at cigarette.*] Good-bye!

OUR JOLLY BAND.

MUSICAL DIALOGUE FOR SIX BOYS.

[*Adapted from verse of* M. GOLDSMITH *by* STANLEY SCHELL.]

ALL.

OH, listen to our Jolly Band!
The finest music in the land.
As soon as we begin to play
The people run—but not away.

We play at concerts and at balls,
Whene'er the voice of duty calls.
We play in rag-time; it is grand,
The music of our Jolly Band.

DRUMMER.

I am Johnny Hopkins, and I play the drum,
Ratabum-bum-bum! Rat-abum-bum-bum!
In each hand I hold a stick
Making them rattle quick, quick, quick.

I hit the drum a rousing whack,
Till you think the head will crack;
Keep it rolling—bum-ti-dum;
That's the way I play a drum.

CLARINET PLAYER.

I am Willie Miller, I play the clarinet,
Pillawet-wet-wet! Pillawet-wet-wet!
I blow away with all my might,
Closing all the stops up tight.

Through the reeds between my lips,
Sweetest kind of music slips.
Every eye with tear is wet,
When I play the clarinet.

ACCORDION PLAYER.

I, Sam Brown, play the accordion—
Pullapun-pun-pun! Pullapun-pun-pun!
I pull it out a yard and then
I let it slide in place again.

I press down all the metal keys,
The air comes out with funny wheeze.
Oh, I do have such lots of fun,
When I play the accordion.

HORN PLAYER.

I, Tommy Turner, play the horn,
Schnatter-schnatter! Ding-dong-dorn!
I blow so hard, I feel a dread
I'll blow the hair from off my head.

It sounds just like a thunder peal,
Or a great big automobile.
All the air with sound is torn,
When I play the big French horn.

GUITAR PLAYER.

I am Walter White, I play the guitar,
Ching-ching-twang-tarar!
I make the strings vibrate so fine,
Out comes melody most divine.

Makes you wish that you could dance,
Even horses start to prance.
It whizzes like a trolly-car
When I play on my guitar.

VIOLIN PLAYER.

I, Bob Smith, play the violin
Zum-zum-zim! Oh, zum-zum-zim!
I draw the bow across the strings,
Till the wood with rapture sings.

It keeps up such a buzzing sound,
Like mosquitoes flying round.
My, but doesn't it make a din,
When I play the violin?

ALL.

We fall in line, and forward march!
Through the streets as stiff as starch;
Show the folks what we can do,
Keep in time and mind our cue.

Blow and beat like well-drilled boys,
We let the air be filled with noise,
Do our best, and all the land
Comes to hear our Jolly Band!

BOYS OF MOTHER GOOSE LAND.

PLAY FOR FATHER GOOSE AND 46 BOYS.

STANLEY SCHELL.

[Any or many of the parts may be omitted if fewer characters are desired:]

SCENE: FATHER GOOSE is seated on throne at back center of stage and about him are grouped the various boys from Mother Goose Land.

MUSIC: If singing is desired for some of the characters so as to have larger variety, we can supply collections of Mother Goose Melodies.

FATHER GOOSE.

MOTHER GOOSE is so busy to-day
She has sent me to introduce
The boys of this play.

[*Boys, as names are mentioned whom they impersonate, step forward and recite a few lines. When finished each boy helps form a semi-circle.*]

FATHER GOOSE [*calls*]. The Crooked Man.

[CROOKED MAN *comes slowly forward pantomiming the movements of a crooked man. He bows awkwardly then speaks when near stage front center.*]

CROOKED MAN.

I am the crooked Man,
That went a crooked mile;
And found a crooked sixpence
Against a crooked stile.

I bought a crooked cat,
Which caught a crooked mouse;
And we all lived together
In a little crooked house.

FATHER GOOSE. Rather a crooked matter to begin with. We'll now present Once a Bachelor.

[ONCE A BACHELOR *comes forward slowly. His face looks very ugly and soured.*]

ONCE A BACHELOR.

When I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got, I put upon the shelf;
The rats and mice did lead me such a life,
I had to go to market, to get myself a wife.
The streets were so broad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I could not get my wife home without a wheel-barrow:
The wheel-barrow broke, my wife got a fall,
Down tumbled wheel-barrow, little wife and all.

FATHER GOOSE. What a sorrowful tale—a sorrowful tale. The Fool I now present.

[*Stupid looking fellow comes forward and acts like a fool when speaking.*]

FOOL.

When I was a little boy I had but little wit,
It is some time ago, and I've no more yet;

Nor ever, ever shall, until I die,
For the longer I live the more fool am I.

FATHER GOOSE. You certainly look it. We will now present Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee, Mother Goose's twins of whom she is very proud.

[*They shuffle forward with arms linked and bow awkwardly.*]

TWEEDLE-DUM AND TWEEDLE-DEE.

We Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee
Resolved to have a battle.

TWEEDLE-DUM.

I Tweedle-Dum said Tweedle-Dee
Had spoiled my nice new rattle.

TWEEDLE-DUM AND TWEEDLE-DEE.

Just then flew by a monstrous crow,
As big as a tar-barrel,
Which frightened both us heroes so,
We quite forgot our quarrel.

FATHER GOOSE. It's certainly good to learn that something made you forget it. We'll now listen to a few remarks from Tom, the Piper's Son.

[TOM *shuffles forward, then speaks very rapidly.*]

TOM, THE PIPER'S SON.

I'm Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son,
I stole a pig and did quickly run;
The pig was eat, and I was beat,
And I ran crying down the street.

[*Runs quickly to place, crying as he goes.*]

FATHER GOOSE. You got your just deserts, young man. We'll now listen to Peter Piper.

[PETER *comes forward with a very puckery expression.*]

PETER PIPER.

I'm Peter Piper who picked that peck of peppers;
A peck of pickled peppers did I really pick;
Now if I really picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where on earth are the peppers that I really picked?

FATHER GOOSE. So many pickled peppers puckers even my lips. Let's hear a few remarks from Needles and Pins.

[NEEDLES AND PINS *slide forward, then jump into place.*]

NEEDLES AND PINS.

Needles and pins, needles and pins;
When a man marries, his trouble begins.

FATHER GOOSE. Too true; too true. Little Man with the Gun come tell us your news.

[LITTLE MAN WITH THE GUN *comes forward holding a duck out to view.*]

LITTLE MAN WITH THE GUN.

I am the little man,
And I have a little gun,
And its bullets are made
Of lead, lead, lead;
I went to the brook
And I saw a duck,
And shot it through
The head, head, head.

I carried it home
To my old wife, Joan,
And bade her a fire
To make, make, make,
To roast the little duck
I had shot in the brook,
And I'd go and fetch her
The drake, drake, drake.

FATHER GOOSE. We now present Pretty John Watts.

[JOHN *comes forward with a rat in his hand.*]

PRETTY JOHN WATTS.

I'm Pretty John Watts
When you're troubled with rats,
Let me drive them out of the house.
You have mice, too, in plenty,
That feast in your pantry,
You'll let them stay and nibble away;
No harm in a little brown mouse?

[*Shakes head sadly as he moves to position on line.*]

FATHER GOOSE. Think of people wanting mice. Little Tee-Wee is our next speaker.

[*Very small boy ambles forward with a small boat.*]

LITTLE TEE-WEE.

I'm Little Tee-Wee
And I went to sea
In an open boat,
And while afloat
My little boat bended—
My story's ended.

FATHER GOOSE. I'm glad it's ended. Frog He Would a-Wooing Go, tell us your story.

[FROG *comes forward, leaping and squatting.*]

FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO.

I'm the Frog who would a-wooing go,
Whether my mother would let me or no.

I set off with my opera hat,
And on the road I met a Rat.

I said—
Pray Mr. Rat will you go with me,
Kind Mrs. Mousey for to see?

We soon arrived at Mousey's hall,
And gave a loud knock, and gave a loud call.

Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?
Yes, kind sirs, and sitting to spin.

Pray, Mrs. Mouse, now give us some beer,
For Rat and I are fond of good cheer.

Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?
But let it be something that's not very long.

I said, Mrs. Mouse, I shall have to say no;
A cold has made me as hoarse as a crow.

Mrs. Mouse said, since you've caught a cold,
I'll sing you a song that is not very old.

But while we were making a merry din,
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in.

That cat seized the Rat by the crown,
Those kittens pulled Mrs. Mouse down.

And I was in such terrible fright,
That I took up my hat and wished them good-night.

FATHER GOOSE. What a sad tale and sad wail. Fat Man from Bombay, what have you to say?

[*Waddles slowly forward.*]

FAT MAN FROM BOMBAY.

I'm the fat man from Bombay,
Who was smoking one sunshiny day,
When a bird called a snipe,
Flew away with my pipe,
Which vexed me, the Fat Man from Bombay.

FATHER GOOSE. Now comes Barney Bodkin, a sad tale has he.

BARNEY BODKIN.

I'm Barney Bodkin who broke his nose;
And without feet we can't have toes;

Crazy folks are always mad;
Want of money makes me sad.

FATHER GOOSE. That stuff certainly sounds luny. Little Jack Jingle, what can you say to cheer us?

LITTLE JACK JINGLE.

I'm Little Jack Jingle,
I used to live single;
But when I got tired of that kind of life
I left off being single, and lived with my wife.

FATHER GOOSE. What a remarkable thing. Next comes Robinson Crusoe.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

I'm poor old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
I made me a coat,
Of an old Nanny Goat;
I wonder how I could do so!
With a-ring-a-ting-tang,
And a-ring-a-ting-tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

FATHER GOOSE. Poor old Robinson Crusoe. Now we'll hear from Jack.

JACK.

I'm Jack who went up the hill with Jill,
To fetch a pail of water;
And I fell down, and broke my crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Up I got and home did trot,
As fast as I could caper;
Dame Jill had a job to plaster my knob
With vinegar and brown paper.

FATHER GOOSE. By the look of your knob, it's not well yet. Peter White, what have you to say?

[PETER WHITE *comes forward looking steadily at his nose.*]

PETER WHITE.

I'm Peter White,
And I ne'er go right,
Would you like to know the reason?
I follow my nose,
Wherever I go,
And that stands all awry.

FATHER GOOSE [*laughing heartily*]. It certainly does. Let us have a few remarks from Three Wise Men of Gotham.

[THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM *come forward carrying a large bowl between them.*]

THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

We are the Wise Men of Gotham,
Who went to sea in a bowl;
If the bowl had been stronger,
Our song would have been longer.

[*Nod and grin, then go to place on line.*]

FATHER GOOSE. Your song is long enough. Hick-a-More, Hack-a-More, we'll hear a word from thee.

HICK-A-MORE, HACK-A-MORE.

I'm Hick-a-More, Hack-a-More,
Who was on the king's kitchen floor;
All the king's horses,
And all the king's men,
Couldn't drive Hick-a-More, Hack-a-More
Off the king's kitchen floor!

[*Leers all around, then goes to place.*]

FATHER GOOSE [*puzzled*]. Let me see, who comes next. Oh, now I remember, Johnny Armstrong, Peter Henderson, Willy Wilkinson, three troublesome members of the Goose family.

[*They shamble forward sheepishly and stand with fingers in mouth corners.*]

JOHNNY ARMSTRONG. I'm Johnny Armstrong who killed the calf.
PETER HENDERSON. I'm Peter Henderson who got one half,
WILLY WILKINSON. I'm Willy Wilkinson who got the head,
ALL THREE [*together*]. Ring the bell, ring the bell,
The calf is dead!

[*Each boy pulls a bell from pocket and rings same.*]

FATHER GOOSE. Sorry news, sorry news! Where's Two Legs Who Sat upon Three Legs?

[*Comes forward with three-legged stool and grins.*]

TWO LEGS WHO SAT UPON THREE LEGS.

I'm Two Legs Who Sat upon Three Legs,
And had One Leg in my lap.
In comes Four Legs
And runs away with One Leg,
Up jumps Two Legs,
Catches up Three Legs,
Throws it after Four Legs,
And makes him bring back One Leg.

FATHER GOOSE. That's enough of legs for a while. Where's dear Old King Cole? There he is, as modest as ever. Come along, old boy, and make your speech. What? Oh, yes, you want Fiddlers Three also. Come along, Fiddlers Three.

KING COLE.

I'm Old King Cole,
A merry old soul,
A merry old soul indeed;
I want my pipe,
I want my bowl,
And I want my Fiddlers Three.

[*Small boy comes forward and gives him pipe and bowl and then the* FIDDLERS THREE *come forward and stand in line, holding fiddles ready to play on them.*]

And every fiddler has a fine fiddle,
A very fine fiddle has he.

THREE FIDDLERS.

Tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee.

KING COLE AND HIS FIDDLERS THREE.

Oh, there's none so rare
As can compare,
With King Cole and we Fiddlers Three.

FATHER GOOSE. We'll now have the Man in Our Town.

MAN IN OUR TOWN [*looking very wild*].

I am the Man in Our Town,
Called most wondrous wise;
I jumped into a bramble bush
And scratched out both my eyes;
And when I found my eyes were out,
With all my might and main
I jumped into another bush
And scratched them in again.

FATHER GOOSE. Now for Charley Wag.

CHARLEY WAG.

I'm Charley Wag, Charley Wag,
Who ate the pudding, and left the bag.

FATHER GOOSE. Glad am I, Charley, that you left something. Now for Little King Boggen.

LITTLE KING BOGGEN [*comes mincing into view*].

I'm Little King Boggen who built a fine hall,
Pie-crust and pastry-crust, that was my wall;
My windows were made of black puddings and white,
And 'twas slated with pancakes—you ne'er saw the like.

FATHER GOOSE. Tommy Trot, let us hear from you

TOMMY TROT.

I'm Tommy Trot, a man of law,
I sold my bed and slept upon straw;
I sold my straw and sleep upon grass,
Just to buy my wife a looking-glass.

FATHER GOOSE. The more fool you. Humpty Dumpty, come along.

HUMPTY DUMPTY.

I'm Humpty Dumpty who sat on the wall,
I'm Humpty Dumpty who had a great fall;
All the king's horses, and all the king's men,
Could never, no never put me together again.

FATHER GOOSE. Mother Goose ought to feel proud of you. Now where is Charley?

CHARLEY.

Here am I.
I'm Charley who loves good cake and ale,
The Charley who loves good candy,
The Charley who loves to kiss the girls
When they are neat and handy.

FATHER GOOSE. It's a good thing I'm not around when you try that game. Tommy Green and Johnny Stout, it's your turn to tell about your doings.

TOMMY GREEN [*comes sneaking forward followed by* JOHNNY STOUT].

Ding, dong, bell ,
[*Pulls bell from pocket and rings it. Acts silly.*]
Pussy's in the well!
I'm Little Tommy Green, who put her in.

JOHNNY STOUT.

I'm big Johnny Stout, who pulled her out.
What a naughty boy was he,

To drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn.

FATHER GOOSE. So many children, whom have we left? There's Little Jack Horner over in the corner. Come along, Jack, you need to be modest.

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

I'm Little Jack Horner
Who sat in the corner
  Eating a Christmas pie,
I put in my thumb
And drew out a plum;
  Oh, what a good boy am I.

GOOSEY GOOSEY GANDER [*runs forward without being called*].

I'm Goosey Goosey Gander
  Who always loves to wander,
Upstairs and downstairs,
  And in my lady's chamber.
There I met an old man
  Who wouldn't say his prayers;
I took him by the left leg,
  And threw him down the stairs.

SIMPLE SIMON [*acting very silly, comes forward from behind* FATHER GOOSE].

I'm Simple Simon, who met the pieman
  Going to the fair;
Says I, Simple Simon, to that pieman,
  Let me taste your ware.
That pieman said to me, Simple Simon,
  Do you mean to pay?
Said I, Simple Simon, to that pieman,
  Yes, of course I do,
    And then I ran away!

FATHER GOOSE [*looks around*]. Now, no more children must come forward without permission. King of France.

KING OF FRANCE [*comes forward with stately tread*].

I'm the King of France
Whose four thousand men,
Drew their swords and put them up again.

FATHER GOOSE. Little Tommy Tucker.

TOMMY TUCKER.

I'm Little Tommy Tucker
Who sings for his supper.
What shall I eat?
White bread and butter.
How shall I cut it,
Without any knife?
How shall I be married,
Without any wife?

FATHER GOOSE. The Man in the Moon.

MAN IN THE MOON.

I'm the Man in the Moon,
Who came down too soon,
And asked my way to Norwich;
I went by the south,
And burnt my mouth,
By eating cold peas porridge.

FATHER GOOSE. You deserved to for eating such trash. Taffy the Welshman.

TAFFY THE WELSHMAN.

I'm called Taffy the Welshman,
Taffy the thief,
I went to another man's house
And stole a piece of beef.

That man came to my house,
When I was away from home.
I returned the favor,
And stole a marrow bone.

FATHER GOOSE. You have a bad name and I guess you'll always keep it. Where's Little Boy Blue? Asleep, as usual.

LITTLE BOY BLUE [*rubs eyes as if just awakening*].

I'm Little Boy Blue,
Who blows his horn,
When the sheep are in the meadow,
And the cow's in the corn.

But I'm so tired,
I want to go to sleep
Out in the meadow
Under the hay heap.

FATHER GOOSE. I guess it's about time for all of us to go to sleep. Let us all fall in and have a march and then we will go back to Mother Goose Land.

[FATHER GOOSE *comes toward stage front. The smallest boys fall in behind in couples and sizes graduate to largest boys at end of line.*]

MOTHER GOOSE BOYS' MARCH.

Around stage by way of right side and back to front center.

Up stage center to middle.

Father Goose halts there and directs the movements.

Boys on right side of line make circle at right side of stage. Boys at left side of line make circle at left side of stage.

From circle break into serpentine marching from center to side (on both sides of stage) until stage front is reached.

Form in couples again at stage front center and march up to Father Goose.

Couples divide into singles again and each line forms a figure 8 on his side of stage.

From figure 8 march to back of stage and then make serpentines from back of stage to front of stage until sides of stage are reached.

Leader of each line leads his line across stage to opposite side and then entirely around stage and back to starting place.

March to stage front center then up in couples to Father Goose, who leads the couple lines in serpentine form around center of stage, then slowly unwinds and leads off stage.

NOTE: If the school desires to have this play presented in elaborate form, have each boy in costume of person he is impersonating. After a boy has been called out and has spoken his part let him help form a group and wander about stage so as not to have awkward groups or lines.

TAMING THE BULLY.

DIALOGUE FOR FIVE BOYS.

STANLEY SCHELL.

[Boys stand in groups very much excited.]

TOM. What shall we do to get even with him? He is the meanest boy I ever saw. He pulled my hair this morning, when we were going to the blackboard.

WILL. Yes, and he shoved me off the sidewalk, this noon, right into the mud! I wish I could get even with him in some way, don't you?

GEORGE. Yes, I do. There he is now! Goodness, I hope he will let us alone, but, of course, he won't! He has got a bug, or something to put on us. Look at it! Oh, let's run!

[*They start running and* CHARLEY, *the bully, runs after them and tries to put a grasshopper on them.*]

TOM. Please don't put it on me! P-l-e-a-s-e don't! I'm so afraid of them! [*Screams and shudders.* CHARLEY *laughs and puts it close to* TOM'S *face.*]

WILL. You cur, you! [*Grabs* CHARLEY'S *hat and flings it far across room, then pounds him with his fists.*]

CHARLEY. You think you're smart, don't you! [*Shoves* WILL *roughly aside and moves back with fist in position to strike.*]

GEORGE. You coward, don't you dare strike him! Go, get your hat and I'll hold your grasshopper.

[CHARLEY *throws grasshopper into* GEORGE'S *face and runs after hat. As he runs, boys see* TEACHER *coming and try to get away, but* TEACHER *stops them and wants to know cause of screaming.*]

ALL. Charley was putting a grasshopper on us. And then we threw his hat away.

TEACHER. That's it? Charley has been annoying you boys for a long time, has he not?

ALL. Yes, sir.

TEACHER. You all go home now and leave Charley to me. Charley, come to me! [*Boys exit and* CHARLEY *comes forward.*] Well, young man, you deserve just what you got. I have been watching you for some time, and wondering when you would meet your match. [CHARLEY *hangs head.*] Do you realize where this bullying of yours will lead you? It will grow, and as years go on you will drift into society of like characters. Manly men will shun you, nice women will turn the cold shoulder on you. You will find in life only the unlovely and the unclean. Think it over, my boy, think it over.

[TEACHER *walks off and* CHARLEY *stands with shamed expression looking after him.*]

CHARLEY. He's right. I've been a regular bully. But I'll turn over a new leaf. Nothing unclean or unlovely for me. I'm going to look up the boys and apologize. They shall never call me bully again. [*Exits.*]

CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC.

[Acrostic may be represented by fourteen boys carrying small banners made of different colors of cloth and having one large letter cut out of cloth and sewed on. Each boy steps forward and recites one line, holding banner so letter shows plainly to audience. When all are in line, letters spell "MERRY CHRISTMAS."]

M—errily ring the Christmas bells;
E—very heart with rapture swells;
R—ound the world with joy proclaim
R—edemption in the Saviour's name.
Y—outh and age alike will say
C—hrist was born on Christmas day.
H—erald Him, ye glittering throng,
R—end the morning light with song;
I—n Judea's land a babe is born,
S—ent to comfort all that mourn.
T—rusting in the promise given,
M—arching on our way to heaven,
A—ll of earth in gladness sing,
S—ongs of praise to heaven's King.

KINDNESS AND CRUELTY.

DIALOGUE FOR TWO BOYS.

PAUL. Are you the boy who called me names the other day?

CHARLES. If you are the boy who threw stones at a toad, I am the boy who called you cruel.

PAUL. Then I shall give you a beating.

CHARLES. I do not see how that would change the fact. You would still be cruel.

PAUL. Are you not afraid of me?

CHARLES. I am as afraid of you as I am of our big rooster when he jumps on a fence and crows.

PAUL. I am larger and stouter than you are.

CHARLES. So a hawk is larger than a king-bird; but the king-bird is not afraid of him.

PAUL. Why did you call me cruel for stoning an ugly toad?

CHARLES. Because it is a cruel act to give needless pain to any living thing.

PAUL. Would you not like to have all the toads put out of the way?

CHARLES. By no means. The toad is of use, and does us no harm. Toads will keep a garden free from bugs, worms and flies, that would spoil the leaves. A good gardener would rather have you strike him than kill a toad.

PAUL. I never heard before that a toad was of any use.

CHARLES. Probably all the creatures in the world are of use, in some way, though we may not yet have found it out. But what harm did you ever know a toad to do? See how he tries to hop out of your way as soon as he hears your step.

PAUL. It is true; I never heard of a toad's doing any harm. What is your name?

CHARLES. My name is Charles.

PAUL. Charles, I have been in the wrong and you have been in the right. Will you shake hands with me?

CHARLES. Gladly; I'd much rather shake hands than fight.

PAUL. I *was* cruel in stoning the toad, and you said no more than the truth about me.

CHARLES. I think we shall be good friends. Come and see me. I live in the white house by the brook, near the old willow-tree.

PAUL. I know the house. Will you go and pick berries with me next Saturday?

CHARLES. That I will; and my brother would like to go, too.

PAUL. I'll call for you at three o'clock; till then, good-bye.

CHARLES. Good-bye, Paul; I'm glad to have met you.

STARTING THE TRAIN.

FIRST BOY. Toot! Toot! Toot!

SECOND BOY. Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!

THIRD BOY. All aboard!

ALL TOGETHER. Chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff.

THE MONTHS.

EXERCISE FOR TWELVE BOYS.

LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

[Effect of entertainment may be heightened by boys dressing suitable to season of month mentioned.]

FIRST BOY.

JANUARY comes the first of all,
Ready to make a New Year's call.

SECOND BOY.

February is next in line,
Bringing to all a valentine.

THIRD BOY.

March comes next with wind and noise,
Here's a kite for all the boys.

FOURTH BOY.

April's eyes are brimming over,
Silvery drops that start the clover.

FIFTH BOY.

May with blossoms stops the way
And brings us Decoration Day.

SIXTH DAY.

Laughing June her face discloses
Almost hid among the roses.

SEVENTH BOY.

Boom of cannon, roar of gun,
In comes July. Oh, what fun!

EIGHTH BOY.

August comes with berries red,
Sheaves of wheat about his head.

NINTH BOY.

Next September. Ho, for school!
Study now must be the rule.

TENTH BOY.

Dropping nuts, and shortening days,
October comes with woods ablaze.

ELEVENTH BOY.

What brings cold and bleak November?
Oh, Thanksgiving! I remember.

TWELFTH BOY.

Last and best of all we see,
December brings a Christmas-tree.

WHAT I MEAN TO BE.

ACTION RECITATION FOR FOUR BOYS.

FIRST BOY.

I [1] MEAN to be a joiner
When I'm a [2] big, [3] big [4] man;
I'll [5] saw and [6] hammer all the day,
And with my [7] plane I'll work away,
To make the wood all [8] smooth I'll try,
While pretty [9] curling shavings [10] fly,
When I'm a [11] big, [12] big [13] man!

Motions: (1) Point to himself. (2) R. and L. hand out horizontally. (3) R. hand higher. (4) Higher still. (5) L. and R. hands out L. oblique, L. hand leading. (6) Close R. and L. hand, then strike L. hand with R. hand. (7) Open L. hand flat, palm up, move R. hand across it as if planing. (8) Rub hands across each other as if feeling the smoothness. (9) Hold L. hand partly closed, fingers pointing toward R. hand, move R. hand in a curling movement from L. hand, as if uncoiling a shaving. (10) Then throw. (11), (12), and (13), same as (2), (3), (4).

SECOND BOY.

[14] I mean to be a baker
When I'm a [15] big, [16] big [17] man;
Such nice, hot [18] rolls I'll make for you,
[19] Tin-loaves and [20] cottage [21] tea-cakes, too,
And in the children's cakes you'll see
Such [22] lots of currants there shall be,
When I'm a [23] big, [24] big [25] man!

Motions: (14) Both hands on hips. (15), (16), (17), same as (2), (3), (4). (18) Roll up hands and then pretend to roll dough. (19) Point to L. as if a lot of loaves were on the table before you. (20) Point to R. (21) Open both hands and with palms upward, point at table center. (22) Spread out both hands. (23), (24), (25), same as (2), (3), (4).

THIRD BOY. [26] I mean to be a blacksmith,
When I'm a [27] big, [28] big [29] man;
And if your horse should [30] cast a shoe,
Why [31] this is all you'd have to do:
Just bring him [32] round to [33] me, and then
He soon shall be [34] well shod again,
When I'm a [35] big, [36] big [37] man!

Motions: (26) Point to himself. (27), (28), (29), same as (2), (3), (4). (30) Put out R. foot and point at it with R. hand. (31) Hold up R. forefinger. (32) Curve arm around. (33) Point to self. (34) Strike L. hand with R. hand. (35), (36), (37), same as (2), (3), (4).

FOURTH BOY. [38] I'll be an engine driver,
When I'm a [39] big, [40] big [41] man;
My engine [42] always bright, you'd see,
And at my [43] post I'd always be.
I'd [44] blow my whistle, [45] listen, [46] so!
And then [47] away the train will go,
When I'm a [48] big, [49] big [50] man.

Motions: (38) Point to himself. (39) (40), (41), same as (2), (3), (4). (42) Rub outside of L. hand with R. hand. (43) Point out with L. hand. (44) Make believe blow whistle which is held near mouth with R. hand. (45) Put L. hand back of ear in listening attitude. (46) Whistle. (47) Imitate motion of train. (48), (49), (50), same as (2), (3), (4).

ALL FOUR.
[51] We mean to be real [52] gentlemen,
When we are [53] big, [54] big [55] men;
Whatever our work we'll still be kind,
Not leave nice manners all behind;
Rude words our tongue shall never say,
But we will be polite each day
When [56] we are [57] big, [58] big [59] men!

Motions: (51) Each boy points to himself. (52) Bows. (53), (54), (55), same as (2), (3), (4). (56) Point to themselves. (57), (58), (59), same as (2), (3), (4).

A DEAR OLD MAN IS HE.

Exercise for Five Boys.

First Boy. SANTA CLAUS brings many toys
To his dearest little boys.

Second Boy. Balls and tops and funny toys.
Skates and sleds he brings for boys,

Third Boy. All the toys are in his pack,
Which he carries on his back.

Fourth Boy. Very fast his reindeers go
Over ice and over snow!

Fifth Boy. We are happy now, because,
'Tis the time for Santa Claus.

All. Hurrah, hurrah for Santa Claus,
A dear old man is he.

GOOD-BYE ACROSTIC.

Exercise for Seven Boys.

E. O. PECK.

[Construct arch from heavy cardboard or wood, covered with white cloth and decorated with evergreens and gilt stars. Around bottom of arch set seven nails or hooks, properly spaced, to hold seven letters spelling "GOOD BYE." During reciting of his line each boy holds his letter in view of audience, and, at end of his speech, hangs his letter on proper hook.]

G—aily have we passed the time
O—n our little stage this eve,
O—nly hoping we have pleased,
D—o we take our leave.
B—y your presence here to-night
Y—ou have kept our courage bright,
E—ach one thanks you with delight.

[All.] Good-bye.

PART IV
ENTERTAINMENTS SPECIAL

PART IV.

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FIRE CRACKER DRILL.

By STANLEY SCHELL.

[Requires 12 boys or 12 girls or three lines of 12 boys or 12 girls each.]

COSTUMES:

FIRECRACKER costumes made as follows: Sheet of cardboard large enough to reach from chin to instep, and to pass entirely around body, leaving sufficient room for body to move freely within. Holes are in sides of cracker sufficiently large and at proper height to enable one to put arms through them when putting on costume. Piece of cotton rope fringed slightly at top end is to be fastened at top of cracker. Whole cracker is to be covered with fire cracker colored tissue paper. This paper is pasted on inside at bottom of cracker and covers whole outside of cracker smoothly up to top of cardboard, rest of tissue continues above cardboard and is tied in one bunch at top of head with cotton cord sticking well out and above tiny ruffled effect of paper above head. Arms are to be covered with same colored tissue paper cut in as smooth as possible but drawn in about wrists and tied with bit of string same as fire cracker is. Effect is one large fire cracker standing and two smaller ones with tops turned down. Feet show sufficiently to require either red coverings of muslin or paper of same color, or may be blacked so they shine well; or, if girls, they may wear fancy slippers and stockings of red or black. Upper part of fire cracker where face is has two openings for eyes and one for nose. These openings are to be hidden if possible by arrangement of paper.

THE DRILL:

1. Enter at stage rear and form line or lines of 12 each facing audience. March to stage front with both hands just above

shoulders, palms closed and index finger pointing upward. Arms close to sides.

2. First line face right and close together, hands hanging at sides, march with even tread along side of stage to back corner, then turn sharply and face opposite side of stage. Meanwhile next line moves to front of stage and then faces suddenly to L. and marches along side of stage to rear corner, turns sharply and faces opposite side of stage. These side lines keep up continual marking of time while remaining on place. Meanwhile, third line has moved forward stage front and they turn suddenly and face rear and march with hands hanging at sides, to stage rear, turn again and face audience, marking time.

[NOTE: While No. 1 and No. 2 are being done avoid any stops, make as continuous as possible.]

3. First line at R. side swing out from rear and to front with military steps. Next line at L. side of stage swing out from rear to front. Front part of these lines remain still acting as pivot for the rest of line. When first line reaches stage front horizontal, it faces stage L. and marches along side to rear, faces opposite side of stage and keeps time. Meanwhile left line has reached front, faced R. and marched along R. side of stage to rear corner, face opposite side of stage and mark time. Meanwhile third line has marched forward to stage front, turns suddenly and marches to rear, turns suddenly and faces audience.

Left end of back line swings to R. side of stage, R. end of said line acting as pivot. Meanwhile R. side line is marching to places along back line and facing audience. Meanwhile L. side line is marching along front of stage.

4. Front line swings from L. end to R. side, R. end of said line acting as pivot. Meanwhile rear line is marching along L. side of stage toward front and R. line is marching along rear of stage to L. side.

5. Rear line marches to stage front now. Meanwhile R. line swings from front corner to L. rear corner, rear end of said line acting as pivot. When said line reaches rear, all on said line face audience and move toward stage front to positions behind front line. As soon as this line moves forward, L. line marches along rear, faces audience and marches forward. Each line is three feet back of its neighbor.

6. All swing off R. oblique front, then left oblique front, then point arms straight front, then high into air. To make very effective have several boys behind stage who are to snap whips as arms swing off R. then again as arms swing off L., then again as arms are pointed off front.

7. Form in groups of six with hands joined high between, sudden and terrific cracking of whips from behind scenes.

8. Form on lines again. End boys drop outside arms at side and join inside arms with neighbors high between them. Whips snap behind scenes.

9. First line lead off around stage followed by others until one long line is formed about stage. Leader leads in serpentine form to stage center. When serpentine is formed, leader starts on run from center followed by others and as soon as he starts running they give quick stamp with feet and boys behind scene keep up fierce snapping of whips until last boy fire cracker has left stage and then boys make sound as if several fire crackers were hissing.

THE BROWNIES.

M. M. GRANT.

[Action poem for little children costumed as Brownies or decorated with autumn leaves. Full directions for action.]

"Hist, hist, be still, on tiptoe advance."

[Children standing on line facing audience, put fingers over lips as if to hush one, then step with high steps forward as Brownies are supposed to do.]

"We've come to have a merry Brownie dance."

[Shake finger (index finger) in cute fashion at audience.]

"We will form our circle here,"

[Move round into circle form.]

"Stepping lightly for we fear
We may waken all the sleepy world perchance."

[They step lightly with an expression of fear on faces, then lightly open eyes with fingers.]

"Oh, we're light as thistledown or dew;"

[Take light and dainty steps around in circle, looking coyly at audience.]

"We're Brownies of the Brownie Band so true.
And we dance the livelong night—"

[Put out both palms toward audience with palms upturned, indicate the sky next and then dance gayly.]

"Vanish with the morning light,
Hiding safe from mortal vision, and from you."

[Shaking both hands outward and fly around stage, then placing hand over eyes as if to hide, suddenly shove hand out toward audience to indicate "and you."]

CREED OF THE FARMER.

FRANK I. MANN.

[If a boy or several boys give this, let him be dressed as a farmer; if a girl, let her wear a sunbonnet, gingham dress, garden gloves and carry a trowel or some other garden implement.]

1. I believe in a permanent agriculture, a soil that I shall grow richer rather than poorer from year to year.

2. I believe in hundred bushel corn and in fifty bushel wheat, and I shall not be satisfied with anything less.

3. I believe that the only good weed is a dead weed, and that a clean farm is as important as a clean conscience.

4. I believe in the farm boy and in the farm girl, the farmer's best crops and the future's best hope.

5. I believe in the farm woman and will do all in my power to make her life easier and happier.

6. I believe in a country school that prepares for country life, and a country church that teaches its people to love deeply and live honorably.

7. I believe in community spirit, a pride in home and neighbors, and I will do my part to make my own community the best in the state.

8. I believe in better roads. I will use the road drag conscientiously whenever opportunity offers, and I will not "soldier" when working out my road tax.

9. I believe in the farmer, I believe in farm life, I believe in the inspiration of the open country.

10. I am proud to be a farmer, and I will try earnestly to be worthy of the name.

FATHER CELEBRATIONS

I.
FATHER.

A ROCK of strength to lean upon
In time of joy or stress;
An understanding, loyal soul,
A heart of tenderness,
A mind all wisdom,
Knowing how justice and love to blend;
A teacher,
Loving, patient, kind,
MY FATHER and my friend.

II.
DEAR FATHER.

For knowledge of the world's affairs,
For helping hand in onerous cares,
For kindness of your stern command,
For justice of your reprimand,
For pluck to fight life's battles well,
For urging ever to excel,
For honest pride in all I do,
I give my heartfelt thanks to you.

III.
MY FATHER.

Your image from my heart
Can never depart,
Enshrined in love
While memory lives.

Your father love
For me will last
When other passions shall have passed,
Holy and pure.

Your name I speak
With reverence due,
With love, this greeting send to you.
My FATHER.

IV.

DADDY.

Alone I sit in my den to-night
And all is hushed and still,
With my pipe, my old companion,
I smoke away, until
Drifting off into dreamland,
The scenes of long ago—
[*Here tableaux may be successfully introduced.*]
The old armchair by the fireside,
Comes in the firelight glow.

And as I think of you, Daddy dear,
Of years you toiled for me,
Of the patient, tender, loving care
You gave unstintingly,
My heart is filled with reverent love
For you, my dear old Dad,

My chum, companion, father, friend,
The best any boy ever had.

V.

MY DADDY.

Jest the best thing, daddy is,
When he ain't got rheumatiz;
Gives me pennies an' good advice
'Bout keepin' clean an' bein' nice,
An' sayin' please, an' don't deceive,
Handkerchief instead of sleeve.

Seems jest like daddy knew
He was once a small boy too.
Second table for him, I spec'
When he only got the neck.
Anyhow, he always says,
"Give the kid the best there is."

An' when ma sends me off to bed,
Daddy takes the light ahead,
An' holds my hand an' talks, maybe
'Bout the things that used to be
When he an' Unky was little boys,
An' all about their games an' toys.

Whut am I goin' to be? Gee whiz!
No one need ever ask me that!
Druther be like him, I jing,
Than President or anything;
He's like ma says angels is—
When he ain't got the rheumatiz.

VI.

DAD O' MINE.

LIEUT. E. F. WILKINSON.

Midsummer day and the mad world is fighting,
Fighting in holes, Dad O' Mine.
Nature's old spells are no longer delighting
Passion-filled souls, Dad O' Mine.
Vainly the birds in the branches are singing,
Vainly the sunshine its message is bringing
Over the green-clad earth; stark hate is flinging
Shadow for shine, Dad O' Mine,
Shadow for shine.

No one dare prophesy when comes an end to it—
End to the strife, Dad O' Mine.
When we can take joy and once again bend to it,
What's left of life, Dad O' Mine.
Yet for one day we'll let all slip behind us,
So that your birthday, Dad, still may remind us
Through shade and shine, Dad O' Mine,
Through shade and shine.

Leagues lie between us, but leagues cannot sever
Links forged by love, Dad O' Mine.
Bonds of His binding are fast bound forever
Future will prove, Dad O' Mine.
Your strength was mine; since I first lisped your
name, Dad,
Our game. Dad,
In childhood's griefs, it was ever the same, Dad,
Your hand round mine, Dad O' Mine,
Your hand round mine.

Strengthened by shadow and shine borne together,
Comrades and chums, Dad O' Mine,
We shall not falter thro' fair or foul weather,
Whatever comes, Dad O' Mine.
So in the years to be, when you grow older,
Age puts his claims in and weakness grows bolder,
We'll stand up and meet them, Dad, shoulder to shoulder,
Your arm in mine, Dad O' Mine,
Your arm in mine.

VII.

LOVES HIS DADDY BEST.

M. B. CARPENTER.

Sometimes my daddy is a bear,
With awful growl and tumbled hair.
Who chases us until we shriek
And laugh so hard we cannot speak.

Sometimes he plays he is a train
To ride to town and back again;
He jumps the track and off we go,
On pillows soft and deep, you know.

And though he romps he's sometimes still
And tells us stories if you will;
He knows of birds and trees and fish
And tells about them when we wish.

And though he laughs and loves to play
He's always taught us to obey;
Through fun and frolic, peace and rest,
I think I love my daddy best.

VIII.

TO FATHER.

All I am and all I have,
Father, I owe unto thee;
For what thy heart to me e'er gave,
Thankful I shall ever be.

Always thy true love deserving,
Shall be my constant aim;
Lessons from my life preserving,
That thy blessing I may claim.

May I then with hope aspiring,
For perfection ever strive;
Thy example all-inspiring,
Ever shall my hope revive.

IX.

FATHER OF ALL.

Father of all—Oh, wondrous presence,
All-powerful and omniscient.
To Thee we bend in adoration.

Father of all—Oh presence divine,
We bend our knees to Thee in loving adoration.
All-present, All-power, All-wisdom is thine,
And all Thou hast and art is surely mine.

When each day we obey Thee,
And love Thee supremely;
And unto our neighbors
Show forth all Thy love,
Then do we possess
In glorious measure,
All health and happiness, from Thee above.

Father of all—each day do we thank Thee,
Thank Thee for one and thank Thee for all;
May we always be able to clearly see,
The Truth and the Love Thou givest so free.

X.

ONE FATHER.

There is but one Father
After all;
And he does love us
Great and small.

He helps us daily,
Our tasks to do;
If we but obey him,
And always speak true.

XI.

FATHER DOESN'T.

If we shout and make a noise
Mother always scolds us.
Father doesn't.

He always says, "Boys will be boys."

If we scrap and fight,
Mother heads us off.
Father doesn't.
Father always sides with us.

If we refuse to mind our mother,
Father doesn't
Stand for that. He ups and gets the strap
And lays it on for mother.

We love our Father, cause he has
Such an understanding way with boys;
And we love the times when he
Looks on knowingly—and doesn't.

NO PLACE FOR THE BOYS.

From Repertoire of MRS. PENDER.

WHAT can a boy do, and where can a boy stay,
If he is always told to get out of the way?
He can not sit here, and he must not stand there,
The cushions that cover that fine rocking chair
Were put there, of course, to be seen and admired;
A boy has no business to ever be tired.
The beautiful roses and flowers that bloom
On the floor of the darkened and delicate room
Are made not to walk on—at least, not by boys;
The house is no place, anyway, for their noise.
Yet boys must walk somewhere, and what if their feet,
Sent out of the house, sent into the street,

Should step round the corner and pause at the door,
Where other boys' feet have paused often before;
Should pass through the gateway of glittering light,
Where jokes that are merry and songs that are bright
Ring out a warm welcome with flattering voice,
And temptingly say, "Here's a place for the boys."
Ah, what if they should? What if your boy or mine
Should cross o'er the thresholds which mark out the line
'Twixt virtue and vice, 'twixt pureness and sin,
And leave all his innocent boyhood within?
O, what if they should, because you and I
While the days and the months and the years hurry by,
Are too busy with cares and with life's fleeting joys
To make round our hearthstone a place for the boys?
There's a place for the boys. They'll find it somewhere;
And if our homes are too daintily fair
For the touch of their fingers, the tread of their feet,
They'll find it, and find it, alas, in the street,
'Mid the gilding of sin and the glitter of vice;
And with heart-aches and longings we pay dear the price
For the getting of gain that our lifetime employs,
If we fail to provide a good place for the boys.

THE CIRCUS BANK.

A Dialogue for Four Boys.

By STANLEY SCHELL.

[Reginald seated in center of library on floor. He has a screw-driver and is hugging a bank. Uncle, boy of 12, tries to get screw-driver away.]

Reginald: I want to—I want to take the screws out of my bank!

Uncle: No, no, you shall not! The noise is maddening.

REGINALD: I will, I will! I want to see the money! [*Screws.*]

UNCLE: Reginald, that's a circus bank. Your papa told you so when he gave it to you. It can't be opened until next summer. If you are a good boy, and do as you are told, when the circus comes you may have the money in the bank to buy candy and peanuts. Now, stop screwing.

REGINALD: I don't care about the circus! I don't want to open the bank then. I want to take the screws out now.

UNCLE: Give me that bank at once!

REGINALD: I won't, I won't! I want to take out the screws, now!

GRANDPA: Come here, laddie, tell Grandpa all about it.

[*Reginald comes with bank, they go to one side of stage in full view of audience. Papa enters and watches the two, then goes to Uncle.*]

PAPA: It's wonderful the way Grandpa manages that boy. He'll get the bank away easily. [*Sits and reads newspaper, Uncle does likewise. They hear chuckling from Grandpa and Reginald. They get up softly and go over and peep at what is being done. They stand amazed. Reginald stands looking at Grandpa with confidence. He holds his hands together like a cup, all the money from the bank is in cup. Grandpa is putting the parts of bank together again.*]

GRANDPA [*Softly without discovering Papa or Uncle*]: Now, Reginald, we'll have the fun of putting it all back again and no one will be the wiser. Ready—one—two—three—four—five—[*Papa snickers, Reginald looks up suddenly—opens hands and drops all the rest of money.*]

REGINALD: Oh, they've caught us! They've caught us! [*Runs quickly from room. The others exchange glances, gather up money, put it in bank and go out together laughing.*]

FIRE LADDIES WE.

By STANLEY SCHELL.

SEE that glare! Yonder! There!
Ring that gong! Clang! Clang these bells!
Chief, make your trumpet blare!
Boys attend! End to end!
Now we need great men.
Men so brave and true
We'll have naught to rue.

Quick! Let's go! Ding, Dong!
Clang! Clang! On the way are we.
Traffic stops. See the cops,
They surely do feel grand,
Everybody stops, you see
When Fire Chief rings Ding Dong,
Clang, Clang for you and me.

How fast we go, no speed limit here
Let nothing stop your "Get There! Boys,"
Helmets on, fire coats too.
O, God we have swift work to do.
Make fast the hose! raise ladders high!
Get women out! Hear children cry!
Get your nets and catch them quickly too.

See the water reaches the top!
How the Fire Laddies rush in and out
Amidst the flames. Naught stops them,
They are truly game. E'en though it is
Their task to do and act great men.
Brave, very brave they've been, indeed
And for themselves took little heed.

Ding, Dong, Clang, Clang, the fire is out,
Unscrew the hose from those big spouts;
Unhook your ladders and make them safe;
Place guards around that awful place;
Until all is safe again to enter there.
Hurrah! hurrah! now back we go,
Ding, Dong! Clang, Clang! Chief's trumpet blares.

ACTION OR PANTOMINE DIRECTIONS: "FIRE LADDIES WE."

Any number boys in fire laddies costumes. One garbed as Chief with fire trumpet.

"See that glare! Yonder! There!"

A dozen boys enter, excited and look off front, indicating with hand place of the fire.

"Ring the gong, Clang, Clang the bells"

Part rush to one side and seem to ring gong; the others to other side and seem to clang, clang the bells. Gong rings, bells clang.

"Chief make your trumpet blare"

Chief enters with trumpet and pours forth a loud blare.

"Boys attend, end to end;
Now you must be men
Men so brave and true
You'll have naught to rue."

Enter groups of boys and fall in on line facing Chief who is now at stage front center. They straighten lines, brace up shoulders, put on a determined expression, with fire axes sliding into belts and fire hats and coats ready to put on.

II.

"Quick! Let's go! Ding, Dong!
Clang, Clang! On the way are we."

First group makes rush as if to get on fire engine and as they are doing this are putting on fire hats, and coats and then grabbing hold and acting as though swinging up and on. One Ding Dong's bell. This first group rushes around and up side of stage, leader acts as if driving car, rest in couples as if watching out along route. Second group now makes rush for hose wagon putting on hats and coats and climbing up and over or on back step, driver ding, dongs his bell, and they follow engine, leader of hose wagon acting as though driving car, and boys in couples behind make rushing noise.

Third group rush for ladder wagon putting on hats and coats. Leader climbs to seat and drives, while rest in couples fall in behind and act as though being carried along with swinging movement. All groups pass entirely around stage with ding, donging, clang, clanging, brush, brush of rapidly moving feet.

"Traffic stops. See the cops!
They surely do feel grand
Everybody stops, you see
When the Fire Chief rings Clang, Clang!"

Enter police, who take stand at stage center and act as though halting a crowd, keeping them back in place as Fire Chief, followed by his chief assistants go rushing by, leading rest of Fire Laddies.

III.

"How fast we go, no speed limit here
Let nothing stop your 'Get there'
Helmets on, fire coats too,
O, God, we have swift work to do."

All move around stage swiftly, adjusting helmets, fire axes, coats, and seemingly watch the fire.

"Make fast the hose, raise ladders high
Get women out! Hear those children cry!
Stretch your net and catch them one and all!"

Fire Chief and assistants rush to various places to direct the

Fire Laddies. Some Fire Laddies act as though uncoiling and dragging fire hose to pump at one side of stage, while another group is lifting the ladders against building in various places at opposite side of stage from fire pump, and others are at work at fire engine getting up the fire. There is a constant ding donging and clanging of bells. As hose is attached, there may be sound of rushing water, of steam, of fire, which can be made in the wings of the stage. A group of Fire Laddies rush in with fire net and hold it up and act as if catching jumping people. [*There need be no real net, just as there is no real hose, real ladders, etc.; all is pantomime.*]

IV.

"See the water reach the top,
See the Fire Laddies in and out
Amidst the flames. Naught stops them
They are truly game. E'en though it is
Their task to do, and be brave men.
Brave, very brave they are indeed
And for themselves take little heed."

Some Fire Laddies are on line facing ladder side of stage and acting as though they are playing hose on tall building. Some are rushing in and out around them as though coming out from fire with people. They all act brave and show bravery in their conduct.

V.

"Ding Dong, Clang, Clang, the fire is out,
Unscrew the hose from those big spouts
Unhook your ladders and make them safe
Place guards around that awful place
Until all is safe again to enter there."

Drivers of cars make gong and bells ring, and indicate fire is out. Fire Laddies go through movements of unscrewing fire hose and putting same on wagon and of placing ladders, etc. Some Fire Laddies are indicated place to stand where fire has been.

"Hurrah! hurrah! now back we go
Ding Dong! Clang, Clang! Chief's trumpet blares."

Pictures returning to wagons, engines, etc., and rushing all around stage again, waving of hands, ringing of bells, etc. All exeunt.

FINIS.

FARMING.

MARK TWAIN.

[Burlesque Lecture written when a boy.]

FARMING is healthy work; but no man can run a farm and wear his best clothes at the same time. Either the farming must cease while the new clothes continue, or the new clothes must cease while farming continues. This shows that farming is not so clean work as being a Congressman or schoolmaster, for these men can wear good clothes if they can find money to pay for them. Farmers get up early in the morning. They say the early bird catches the worm. If I was a bird, I had rather get up late and eat cherries in place of worms. Farmers don't paint their wagons when they can help it, for they show mud too quick. The color of their boots is red, and don't look like other people's boots, because they are twice as big. Farmers' wives have a hard time cooking for hired men, and the hired men find fault with the farmers' wives' cooking. Why don't farmers' wives let the hired men do the cooking while they do the finding fault? Farmers don't get as rich as bank presidents, but they get more exercise. Some ask—"Why don't farmers run for Congress?" They run so much keeping boys out of their peach orchards and melon patches they don't have any time to run after anything else. If Congress should run after

farmers, one might be caught now and then. Lawyers can beat farmers at running for most anything. I know a farmer who tried to run a line fence according to his notion. The other man objected and hurt the farmer. The farmer hired a lawyer to run his line fence, and now the lawyer runs the farmer's farm, and the farmer has stopped running anything.

CARNIVAL OF THE BATS.

MRS. L. K. ROGERS.

Drill and Entertainment for seven small boys.

COSTUME: Make trousers and waist of dark gray closely fitting body. Attach wings to armpits and reaching to wrists to which they are attached. Wings are scalloped like a parasol and have whalebones at intervals. Each boy wears a mask of same gray material, openings are made in mask for eyes, nose and mouth and has pointed ears protruding at each side.

THE DRILL AND ENTERTAINMENT.

They enter one at a time, with rapid flying movements and wings well extended. Bat 1 is first to enter and reach Stage Center where he stands lightly poised and recites.

BAT 1.

I'm a bat! not a crow
I should like to have you know,
And I flew from yonder steeple
Just to *bat*-tle with these people!

[*Waves wings up and down and flying around Stage on tiptoes goes through all sorts of antics. Continually looking and peering. He keeps up continual movement and antics while next Bat appears and goes through his entrance movements and reaches Stage Center. While Bat* 2 *recites, Bat* 1 *makes close*

then far-away movements toward Bat 2 from many and various directions except immediate Front Center.]

BAT 2.

I came with grand and stately mien.
[*Makes very dignified bow.*]
To make obeisance to the queen.

[*Suddenly turns and a race begins between Bat 1 and Bat 2. Just as he is about to catch Bat 1, Bat 2 discovers something fluttering above him and stops. Meanwhile Bat 3 has entered and moving to place at Stage Center speaks with much laughter.*]

BAT 3.

Ha! Ha! Ha! that wasn't it!
Not a bit, not a bit;
You saw the light and thought you'd try
To catch a pretty butterfly.
So will I, so will I.
Catch that pretty butterfly.

[*Bat 3 makes a whirling start and strikes out as if catching something. The other two Bats close around him and they all move around in a circle with fluttering wings, then separate and with right hands touching at center and standing on one foot tip, reach out with other wing as if trying to catch something. Then they run lightly with fluttering wings to various points of stage and then whirl and then run in zigzag fashion as if following up butterfly. Suddenly Bat 3 makes a clutch and then dances up and down in great ecstasy as if he had captured the butterfly. Then these Bats move lightly to Stage Right of Center and stand lightly, waving their wings up and down gently and occasionally nodding their heads. Bats 4, 5, 6, now trip lightly in and after fluttering about stage awhile, Bat 4 skips to place beside Bat 3 and recites.*]

BAT 4

Mary saw a little bat
Its wings were dark as night,
And everywhere that Mary went
The bat was sure to light!

[*As Bat* 4 *finishes first line the rest of bats on stage shout and laugh "Ha! ha! ha!" They do same thing after each line. When Bat* 4 *has finished his stanza, Bat* 5 *trips to place beside Bat* 4 *and looking insolently into the faces of the other bats on line speaks as follows*]:

BAT 5

A bat or a gnat—that's the question
Whether it is better to be a bat
And dodge the slings of mischievous boys,
Or to be a gnat and sting them
for their insolence. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. So here's a ruse
A sting or a flap [*flap wings.*]
A gnat or a bat
Whichever you choose.

[*Bat* 5 *makes a whirl on toes and flutters wings then flaps them against sides. Bat* 6 *flies to place beside Bat* 5 *and recites.*]

BAT 6.

'Tis my delight to fly at night
Into a hall where all is bright,
And don't I have a world of fun
Whene'er I make the children run!

[*Enter Bat 7 and trips and flutters to Stage Center. The bats separate to Right and Left and give him Center place. Bat 7 sings.*]

BAT 7.

[Air "Oh, Little Mouse, Oh Little Mouse."]

We're little bats, we're little bats
We shine in yon dark vault above
Good sentinels to watch afar,
And guard the stars we so much love.

ALL BATS

[Sing to air "We are all noddin'."]

We are all batties, bit, bit, batties,
We are all batties and we like to have our fun.

1. All bats face Right in straight line and with flapping wings fly around stage in circle.
2. At stage Front Center, all halt a second with wings moving up and down at sides and standing poised on toe tips.
3. Turn suddenly to Back Center and fly to Rear.
4. Turn Front and trip Diagonally across stage, then turn again very rapidly and go straight across stage, then turn rapidly, again and go Diagonally to Back Left Corner and flapping wings very hard, exit.

ALPHABET OF SUMMER.

By MRS. J. M. DANA

(for twenty-six children)

A is for the Apple-blossoms
Coming with the spring.

B is for the Buttercups
The merry May will bring.

C is for the Crocus buds
Pushing through the mold.

D is for the Dandelions
With their crowns of gold.

E is for the Elder-brooms
White as the driven snow.

F is for the Flower-de-luce
That 'mid the rushes grow.

G is for the meadow Grasses
Waving everywhere

H is for the Honeysuckle,
Scenting all the air.

I is for the Idle hours
Spent in gathering posies.

J is for the lovely June
With her wreath of roses.

K is for the Katydids
And all their endless chatter.

L is for the Lily pads
Floating on the water.

M is for the Morning-glories,
Flowering high and low.

N is for the downy Nests
Where the birdies grow.

O is for the Orioles gay,
Singing loud and sweet.

P is for the Poppy heads
Flashing through the wheat.

Q is for the Quinces, hanging
Golden in the sun.

R is for the little Rills,
Laughing as they run.

S is for the Silver glory
Of the harvest moon.

T is for the Tender light
Of Nature's afternoon.

U is for the Underbrush,
Where hazel nuts are browning.

V is for the luscious Vine,
With their purple crowning.

W is for the Woodbine, when
The green and golden blend

X is for the Exodus
Of robins and of wrens.

Y is for the Yellow leaves
That set the woods aglow.

Z is for the gentle Zephyrs
Vanished long ago.

THE BURLESQUE BAND.

(Four Groups of boys with musical instruments.)

First Group:

Oh, we can play on the Big Base Drum,
And this is the music to it:
Rig, jig, boong is the Big Base Drum,
And that is the way we do it.

Second Group:

Oh, we can play on the Bugle Horn,
And this is the music to it:
Tan, tan-ta-rah is the Bugle Horn,
And rig, jig boong is the Big Base Drum,
And that is the way we do it.

THIRD GROUP:

Oh, we can play on the Double Base,
And this is the music to it:
Zoo, zoo, zoo, is the double Base,
And tan, tan, tan-ta-rah, is the Bugle Horn,
And rig, jig, boong is the big base horn,
And that is the way we do it.

FOURTH GROUP:

Oh, we can play on the Tambourine,
And this is the music to it:
Jing, a jing, a jing is the Tambourine,
And zoo, zoo, zoo is the Double Base,
And tan, tan, ta-rah is the Bugle Horn,
And rig, jig, boong is the Big Base Drum
And that is the way we do it.

THE BIRDS.

For six children and an older scholar, who takes the part of teacher, and recites the "Response." Stand in a row and step forward as you recite your lines.

HUMMING-BIRD.

I WISH I were a humming-bird,
A tiny little thing,
With feathers light and airy,
And a brilliant rainbow wing;
Fleet as a sound, I'd fly, I'd fly,
Away from fear and harm,
Over the flowers and through the air,
Inhaling heavenly balm.

LARK.

I'd rather be a lark to rise,
When the sleep of night is done;
And higher, higher through the skies
Soar to the morning sun;
And clearer, sweeter, as I rise,
With rapture I would sing,
While diadems from heaven's own light
Would sparkle on my wings.

NIGHTINGALE.

I'd like to be a nightingale;
She sings the sweetest song;
The daylight gone, her voice is heard
In tune the whole night long.
The stars look down from heaven's dome,
The pale moon rolls along;
And maybe angels live up there,
And listen to her song.

EAGLE.

Of all the birds that sing so sweet,
Or roam the air so free,
With pinions firm, and proud, and strong,
The eagle I would be;
On some high mount whose rugged peaks
Beyond the clouds do rest,
There, in the blaze of day, I'd find
My shelter and my rest.

DOVE.

The humming-bird's a pretty thing.
The lark flies very high,
The eagle's very proud and strong,
The nightingale sings lullaby;
But, as I want a nature
That every one can love,
And would be gentle, mild and sweet,
I think I'll be a dove.

CHICKADEE.

I'll tell you what I want to be—
A little, merry, chickadee;
In the storm and in the snow
When the cold winds fiercely blow,
Not to mind the wintry blast,
Nor how long the storm may last,
Active, merry, blithe and free,
This's the bird I'd like to be.

RESPONSE.

I do not want to be a bird,
And really had not you
Much rather be like all the birds,
And yet be children too?
The humming-bird, from bloom to bloom
Inhales the heavenly balm;

So we from all may gather good,
On his own strength relying,
And still reject the harm.
And, like the lark, our minds arise,
By inspirations given,
To bathe our souls, as she her wings,
In the pure light of heaven.
The nightingale sings all the night,
In sweet, harmonious lays;
So, in the night of sorrow, we
Should sing our Maker's praise.
The eagle, firm, and proud, and strong,
Soars through the storm, the lightning's glare
And thunders bold defying.
Till far above the clouds and storm,
High on some mountain crest,
He finds the sun's clear light at last,
And there he goes to rest.
Be ours a spirit firm and true,
Bold in the cause of right,
Ever steadily onward moving,
And upward to the light;
But still as gentle as the dove,
As loving and as true;
Every word and act be kindness
All life's journey through;
Always thankful, happy, free;
Though life's tempests fiercely blow;
Cheerful as a chickadee
Flying through the wintry snow.

MYRA A. SHATTUCK.